

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1859, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 210.—VOL. IX.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

TO OUR READERS.

OUR NEW TALE.

We call especial attention of our readers to the beautiful story commenced in the present number. It is intensely interesting, full of startling dramatic incidents and events, and replete with that deep natural pathos which attracts, enchains and rivets attention.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

THE GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD,

Should be Read by Every One.

It will be continued every week.

OUR ARTIST AT CHARLESTOWN.

We call the attention of the public to the fact, that

ONLY OUR ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT

were permitted by the authorities TO ENTER CHARLESTOWN, and to be present

AT THE EXECUTION.

This fact has been noticed everywhere by the press. Therefore

Our Illustrations of the Important Event are the only

True and Reliable Illustrations,

sketched in Charlestown by our own artist.



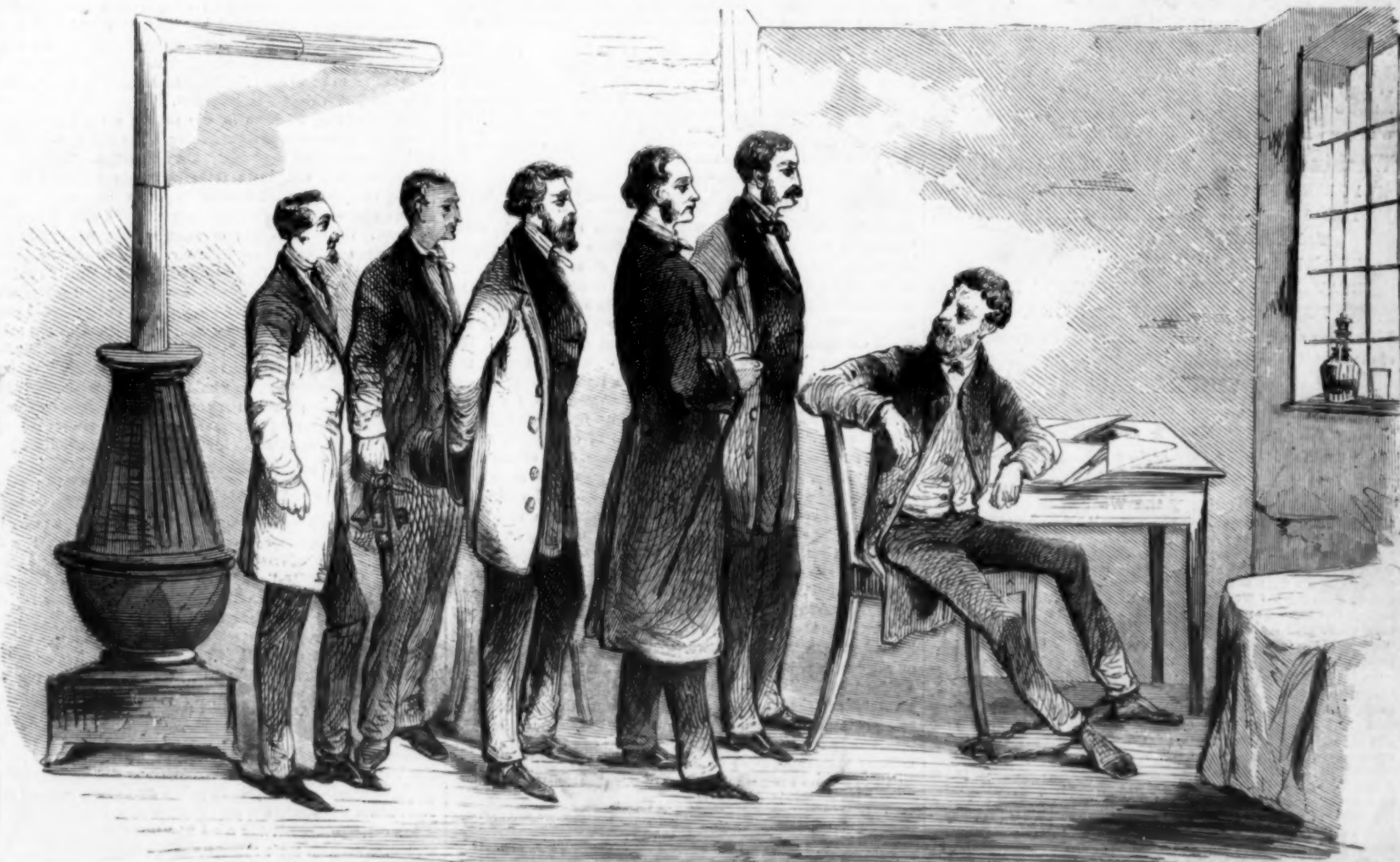
MRS. BROWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

*Pay to the order of
Mary A Brown
John Brown*

JOHN BROWN'S AUTOGRAPH.



JOHN BROWN'S COFFIN.



Mr. Sutter, Baltimore Clipper.

Jailer

Officer.

Correspondent.

Artist.

John Brown.

OUR ARTIST AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT MAKING THEIR LAST VISIT TO JOHN BROWN, IN HIS CELL AT CHARLESTOWN, PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HUTTON STREET.
A beautiful fire act play
THE WIFE'S SECRET,
Will be presented with
ENTIRELY NEW SCENES.
NEW COMMISSION, PROVISION, &c.
Pross Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance.
Shows open at half-past six; to commence at half past seven o'clock.
Admission:.....FIVE and twenty cents.

BAENUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC EXHIBITION.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every afternoon at 8, and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.
Also the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c., &c.
Admission to all 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

Kane Monument Association COURSE OF LECTURES.

THE Corporation of KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION take pleasure in announcing that they have perfected all necessary arrangements for the delivery of a Course of Lectures in this city, commencing early in November, and continuing weekly until the same are released.

The Course will embrace THE TWO URSI.
The opening address will be delivered by Hon. N. P. BAKER, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Nov. 26th, previous to which Dr. JOHN W. FRANKLIN, M.D., L.L.D., will give a brief history of the Kane Monument Association.

The services of the following distinguished Lecturers have been engaged:

PROF. O. M. MITCHELL,
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER,
REV. H. H. CHAPIN,
REV. DR. CHAMBERS,
GEORGE W. CURTIS, ESQ.,
SAYRE TAYLOR, ESQ.,
CAPT. W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N.,
H. L. WORMER, ESQ., &c.,

Season tickets to the Course, admitting Lady and Gentleman, Three Dollars. One person, Two Dollars.

JOHN H. WHITE, Chairman of Lecture Committee, 129 Broadway.

List of Corporators of Kane Monument Association.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

Artists and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

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OFFICE, 129 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OUR NEXT PAPER.

NO. 211.

In pointing with a somewhat pardonable pride to our present number as an evidence of our indefatigable enterprise, we would state that our NEXT NUMBER will display even more fully the vastness of our resources.

No. 211 will contain the fullest details of the

Last Moments of John Brown,

with every incident capable of illustration. Also, the

Washington Irving Series of Illustrations.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN CHRIST CHURCH, TARRYTOWN.

THE BURIAL AND INCIDENTS.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF SUNNYSIDE, THE RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

With many other incidents of rare interest, and the continuation of the splendid story,

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Gipsy Girl of Rotschild.

See No. 211 of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.

Topics of the Week.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.—Although the last scenes of Brown's life is over, the excitement remains as intense as ever. Public emotion, like the billows after a mighty tempest, requires time ere it subsides. In another part we have given our own special correspondent's most interesting narrative of his final interview with Brown. We observe in the Boston Evening Journal a notice to the effect that Mr. House, the Tribune correspondent at Charlestown, had no connection whatever with the Boston Courier, although he used the name of that paper to screen himself—a proceeding which the Boston Journal says "displayed some shrewdness but little honesty."

The Approaching Session.—However some politicians may wish to ignore the recent events in Virginia, there is no doubt but the "irrepressible conflict" will soon commence in our National Hall. Herein lies the real mischievousness of John Brown's "wanton and wicked attempt," as the London Times phrases it. We are convinced that scenes of violence will happen in the approaching session far surpassing that of Brooks and Sumner, and we therefore call upon the dignity, as well as the common sense of the House, to put down the first attempt at outrage. If the right of free speech is to be infringed, the great end of our Legislature is destroyed, and the sooner we come to a military despotism the better for human life. We observe in the German papers that Senator Howard had left Vienna on his way home. We have made arrangements with a distinguished politician to send us every week a reliable account of everything that happens in the capital.

Cruelty in the Navy.—Much indignation is everywhere expressed at the apathy shown by the Navy authorities in the murder of a seaman named Miller, in the Government vessel of war Brooklyn. The Governor's inquiry assigns the blame merely upon one man. This is an evasion; captain and off-

icers were equally culpable. This brutal murder ought to be taken up by the public without delay, as the authorities are too busy with election corruption to attend to so plain an affair as the murder of an American sailor. Has the murdered man no friends? Where are the Ralph Waldo Emersons, Parson Burleighs, Greeleys, Howes, Beechers, and other sympathizers with Brown?

Senator Sumner in Boston.—This eminent statesman had a great reception on the 25th ultimo at the Revue House, Boston. Governor Banks, Justice Burleigh, Messrs. Sumner, Wilson, Judge Russell, and numerous other celebrities were present to welcome him. He left on the 30th for Washington.

Death of Washington Irving.—The death of this eminent author took the public by surprise, for it was only last week that the *Herald* had so pleasantly announced a visit to Sunnyside that all apprehension was allayed. In our next number we shall give a striking likeness of this lamented patriarch of our literature, as well as a brief memoir. His funeral took place on the 1st of December, and was attended by the most eminent men of our State.

The San Juan Difficulty.—Dispatches have been received from Gen. Winfield Scott, announcing his arrival at San Juan. He had written immediately on his arrival to Governor Douglas, stating that, in conformity with instructions from President Buchanan, he was authorized to withdraw the United States forces then in possession, and to leave the matter to be arranged by their respective Governments. Governor Douglas expressed great pleasure at the arrival of General Scott, but could do nothing without orders from his Government. This complete repudiation of Harney's conduct must be especially unpleasant to the "fire-eating" journals, who, as usual, prophesied the wrong way.

Reprisals in Boston.—Much indignation is expressed by those who are last to excuse Dr. Penney in his alleged gallantry at the very disgraceful manner in which the discovery was made. It appears that some of the officers of the Board of Foreign Missions surreptitiously opened his private letters during his absence, and thus discovered his improprieties. We are inclined to think that there was not much to choose between Dr. Penney and his associates, except that Dr. Penney's offense was the most human one.

Our Naval Engineers.—The unfortunate collision between our *Albatross* and our *Albatross* has already deeply impaired that most necessary branch of our service. We have now another case of ill-treatment, which deprives that right arm of our national dignity, the Navy, of its most eminent engineer. We mean Mr. Brown, one of the Atlantic Cable heroes, and the author of the ablest work extant on naval engineering. Not having any political friends, he applied for active service, and was ordered on board a gunboat. He, naturally disgusted at such a mark of disrespect, has resigned his commission. It was not long ago that Mr. Martin, another very able engineer, resigned in consequence of the bad treatment he had received from that department. Our Secretary of the Navy is Mr. Russell, the gentleman who inquired whose dog was the culprit? Never has our Navy been so shamefully managed as during the administration of its present incompetent Secretary. It is a dismal contrast to the admirable manner in which Governor Floyd has managed the Army.

A Grand Invention.—The *Daily News* has caught a Tartar worse than McCabe. It is Zephar Mills. We must say that Zephar is a very ungrateful man. The facts are these: One day last week there was a great gathering of the friends of Fernando Wood. Speeches were made, songs sung, and much excellent green and red drank. Next morning this was duly reported in the *Daily News*, and a first-rate speech given to Zephar Mills. Among other things, Zephar was made to say, that "not only morals, real estate, piety and religion depended upon the election of Fernando Wood, but the very stability of the Republican system hung thereby!" It unfortunately happens that Zephar can read, and great was his astonishment to find that he had been making a speech at the Cooper Institute at the very time he was safe in his own virtuous elliptical spring bed, and still more, in favor of a man whom he thoroughly detested, and whose defeat he is moving earth, heaven and the other place to accomplish. He has, therefore, published an indignant denial, and it is rumored, he privately declares that "there is no such man as Zephar Mills in all the Seventh Ward!"

Another Class Meeting.—The St. Andrew Society held their annual dinner at the St. Nicholas Hotel on the 8th ult. It was a very merry gathering, although not so numerous as usual. We are glad to see these evidences of christianity decay. There is too much of it among our adopted citizens. They should fall into the American ranks, and not break themselves up into little knots of nationalities. These societies, whether they be St. George's, St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's or St. Gummars, are merely little cliques where some John Smith, William Brown or Tom Needles gets himself elected President, and so becomes a great man for one year. It is a very roundabout way of getting at a good dinner, and generally leads to jaded digestion. The only class benefited are the apothecaries.

Foreign News.—The Europa brings us European news to the 19th Nov., but it is a mere echo of our London letter. The ratifications of the Zurich treaties, as they are called, were to be exchanged on the 21st, and the particulars are already known. The conditions are a mere amplification of the Villafraña articles. As a corollary on this Treaty of Zurich, the French Government had issued letters of invitation to all the Powers who had signed the Treaty of 1815, and the three Italian States of Piedmont, Rome and Naples to attend a Congress. In the meantime, the British and French Press are becoming more and more virulent. The Times had openly accused the Government of Louis Napoleon of secretly fostering these attacks on England, and demanded, in the name of the British people, an immediate explanation. It was reported that Garibaldi had resigned the command of the Central Italian army, and accepted a position in that of Sardinia.

Our Charlestown Illustrations.

We understand that much surprise has been expressed by some journalists, that our reporter and artist were the only strangers allowed to visit Charlestown and remain there till the closing scene. We do not think there is anything strange about it. The public authorities of Virginia—in which State our paper is well known—were perfectly aware that our course throughout the whole excitement had been straightforward and truthful. We neither caricatured the unhappy malefactors, nor flattered the enraged Virginians. Our sketches were transcripts of nature, and our account of the events they illustrated was a truthful record. Immediately, therefore, the municipal authorities at Charlestown found they had wronged one of our artists, by the absurd supposition that he was the correspondent of the New York Tribune, they were most anxious to repair the error, and, with the consent of Governor Wise, extended to us the flattering distinction of being the only paper, illustrated or plain, that had a correspondent since the 25th. One of our messengers, on his way from Charlestown to New York with some sketches and dispatches, saw the artists of some of our imitators, who had been compelled by the authorities to retrace their steps, not being allowed even to set foot in Virginia. Any pictures, therefore, which purport to represent the last striking facts in John Brown's life are pure fiction, and unworthy the slightest notice. Ours, on the contrary, were all made on the spot, and are as faithful as a photograph. Every man is placed in the precise position he occupied, and the likenesses are as perfect as the size will permit. It is a pleasant reflection for us, that but for our exertions, seconded by the kindness of Governor Wise and the civil and the military authorities, there would have been no reliable representation of the most remarkable event of our times.

Our Schools.

We make no doubt that the same question has offered itself to the mind of every thinker upon our educational system.—Is it a success, mentally and physically? We have no disposition to go so far, in speaking of schools, as to agree with William Cobbett, who declared that schools were useless, only in as far as they

taught to read and write; that the child, on attaining this groundwork, should be led to the development of mind by reading, not by a formal course of study. He held that this plan would develop the proclivities of each child, and lead them gracefully into their sphere, without burying the mind under a heap of rubbish, which, without bringing forward any latent talent, also failed to impress anything. Each man or woman, on reaching the more mature years of their life, can understand this by looking back upon their schooldays, and into their present, while they weigh how little that then was stored mechanically into their minds still remains. How few are there who remain, without they have periodically reviewed them, the commonest rules of grammar, or the precision of geography? How few who, when called upon at thirty to reach a certain result in figures, can enter upon the task according to arithmetical plan? They may reach the result, but it is by their own system, not that of schools. Can it be for an instant believed that a child of ten or twelve years of age profits by its ten or twelve lessons daily? It learns, but as the parrot learns, by rote. It is an utter mental impossibility, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that a child, even up to the age of fifteen, should digest and understand the lessons it repeats daily in the schoolroom. The power of committing to memory is one that can be cultivated, but it is purely a mechanism. One may commit and repeat, without missing a word, a five-act tragedy or an entire book, without knowing what it means, even without understanding the language in which it is written. We can liken these performances of the memory to nothing better than teaching one who entirely lacks ear to execute with great precision certain musical compositions. They strike the notes that are written on the paper before them, but the soul of melody is absent. It is upon this great fallacy that our modes of education are founded. Learning a lesson by rote and repeating it, even with the most unflinching precision, is adding nothing to the improvement of the mind. If the mind of a child is awakened to a desire for knowledge upon any particular subject, it will question. The hungering for information is quite as natural in all minds as the hungering for food. The mission of the teacher is to create and stimulate this appetite, keeping it always eager upon some point, not overloading it with mental food, entirely unsuitable and what will remain for ever indigestible. As far as this view goes, every sensible person must see its simple truth, but they must also see that there is more in education than merely the basis, to write and to read. The appetite as certainly wants stimulating from this point, as it would to it.

Another mistake is in supposing that we can separate the physical from the mental education in our schools. Americans understand this fact less than Europeans. There are many of our first-class schools through the country that have awakened to this great truth within the last few years, but as a general action it is entirely repudiated. Gymnasiums in our schools have been looked on with bigoted terror, as partaking too much, in the minds of the past generation, of the blending of amusement with instruction. One of the most noble efforts ever made to introduce an improvement of this kind was that by Colonel Wm. W. Tompkins, of this city, about twelve years since, who sought to place the male pupils of our public schools under a system of military drill. We speak only from memory, and cannot enter into particulars further than that a certain portion of the school hours were to be set apart for tuition in the schools of the soldier. A more magnificent thought never entered the brain of man, and a more able instructor than Colonel Tompkins to carry it out never existed. For this reason, that it was really a great thing, it failed to receive encouragement. Had the plan succeeded, it would have altered the whole physical and mental bearing of our people. It would have made us a nation of soldiers. It would have precluded the necessity of militia laws by instilling in every man a love of military organization, and last, though not least, it would have crushed out the rowdy, muscle-predominating spirit of the age by making every man a gentleman. The spirit of the soldier and the gentleman go so entirely hand in hand, that it is impossible to be the first without being the last.

Instead of this, we have in our schools a six hour system of mental confinement and manual labor. The last, as we have said, is a labor of compulsory to memory, not a digestion. The child that is pure in mind and body is brought into contact with these locking everything; and as one drop of venom will poison the entire spring—a spring at which they all drink alike is inevitably poisoned. Six hours' confinement in schools, with perhaps half as many more at home over their mechanical studies, a dinner of cold and unwholesome food at midday, and a hastily swallowed one upon the return from school, are the physical means we are adopting to turn out a race of puny, sickly, weak-minded people. Solitary instances there may be where the plan does not achieve this end; if it is so, the credit lies not with the system, but in the physical forces of the child refusing to be broken. Whatever individual belief may be, we would not dare to pronounce against the mental results; but in the physical, our schools, one and all, public and private, are a failure, and the sooner a reform is thought of the better for what we all love so dearly—our children.

Editorial Murders.

THERE has been a murder committed in Nashville—a rank, brutal murder by the editor of one paper upon another. The facts are these: A controversy existed, originating in political matter, between Allen A. Hall of the Nashville News, and George G. Poinexter of the Union and American. This controversy having run through several numbers of each paper with the usual bluster and abuse, at last reached a culmination in the shooting of Poinexter at the door of the office of the News, by Hall. Poinexter was entering, pistol in hand, perhaps to work upon Hall the very end he met himself. We care little, in this blood-thirsty matter, who was right and who wrong; it is simply upon the wretched, cowardly nature of these editorial battles we would comment. In the South and West they reach to murder; in the North and East they are expended in abuse and vituperation, or, at the worst, in a knock down and drag out. The pistol or the knife is not uncommonly a northern editorial weapon.

We can conceive nothing more frightfully disgusting, and that should meet with more abhorrent condemnation by the press, as tending to degrade its position, than these personal conflicts of the journalist. When the writer is attacked by one not connected with the profession, who feels himself aggrieved, the affair assumes a different appearance; but when two, each claiming the

power of the pen, with type to perpetuate, rush into personal violence, they should be visited by every judicial punishment and every public condemnation. A list of editorial duels, with fatal termination, that have occurred in the South and West within a few years would be a startling page of blood. How many squabbles and attempts at murder have occurred that we do not hear of, or that are too unimportant for notice, is beyond estimate. New Orleans and Richmond are especially prolific. It is time something was done to stop these brutalities. The profession of journalism puts itself forward as the censor and conservator of public morals. Of what benefit are their teachings if they so wickedly violate them? Why should a man who has command of type lose his gentlemanly instincts, and give way to personal-ity of abuse that he would not allow his tongue to utter? Can not journalism be followed in the South and West without turning its professors into bullies and assassins? Must the moral sense of the community be continually shocked by these records of editorial blasphemies, brutalities and assassinations? We trust the time is rapidly coming when the first step in such journalism will be so effectually frowned down, that the perpetrator will feel that he has lost all sympathy in separating his own personality from that of his journal. The public have no desire to know the man, save only as an exponent of opinion.

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

"Dr. King, missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., writes from Athens, Sept. 24th, to the Missionary House in Boston, that he has been again most unexpectedly called to appear before the judicial authorities of Athens, to answer to the charges brought against him two and a half years since, of secretly attempting to establish a new religion not recognized by the Government."

This is nothing new for Athens. It was in the same city that one Socrates was arrested on precisely the same charge. Fortunately the law is less severe there at present than it was in the good old time. Socrates was obliged to drink hemlock, while the utmost which Dr. King can expect is "imprisonment from three months to two years and a fine of \$20."

"An Apple has just been sent us," says the *Richmond Enquirer*, "by a gentleman of Abingdon. It resembles a human head of the long kind, such as we see in pictures of 'Old Brown.' The face thereon is a remarkable feature, with eyes, nose, mouth and flowing beard strangely marked thereon."

That may be very remarkable for an apple, but we have no doubt that there are at present growing whole acres of cabbages whose heads bear a fearful and terrible likeness to those of the wiseacre, be they where they may, who make no distinction between simply characterizing the events of the day and taking a partisan interest in them.

"The Californians have again organized an association to exclude the Chinese from all employment except the lowest kind."

This will be equivalent to depriving them of all work, since the well known temperance and peaceableness of the Chinese must prevent them from going into the business of adulterating liquor, or forming "outside pressure" political committees.

The *Boston Transcript* vouches for the truth of an anecdote to the effect that a servant girl in that city recently advertised for a situation, and the wife of one of our merchants sent to make inquiries about her. The girl called at the house of the inquirer the next morning, and apologized for so doing, stating that she was passing through the street and thought she would call. "I sent for you," said the housekeeper, "and thought of course you would come." "No, ma'am," replied the girl, "when a lady advertises for a place, it is expected that the person wanting her services will call—that is the etiquette of advertising." "If you stand so much upon etiquette as that," retorted the housekeeper, "I am quite certain you will not do for me."

This is rather severe, but the great plague is worse in New York. Not long since a gentleman here, on remonstrating with his cook for being intoxicated, was surprised by a vigorous and murderous attack with a carving knife, and after disarming the young lady, with the usual remark, "Well, then, pay me my wages and let me go!" From every quarter come complaints of "what we are coming to." Can no ingenious Yankee invent a "self-acting servant girl?"

We have all sympathy with lovers, and regard a nice couple of the kind as one of the sweetest objects in existence, but unless the music is particularly bad, we do object to sitting very near them at an opera or concert. If this should meet the eye of the gentleman and lady who kept us, by their incessant chat, from hearing three-quarters of the "Magic Flute," we trust it may serve as a hint to do their talking at home.

A Friend believes that up town real estate increases on an average twenty per cent in value. In these days of infinite building and stupendous rents, we incline to believe anything. We believe that the Island of Manhattan, running in one direction, compels people to go northward. We believe that the great Atlantic outlet of a growing country of thirty millions must grow too. In short, we are ready to prophesy one town to be built on the roof of the present, and another subterranean city to arise in future catacombs. We are only at the beginning.

"A Gentleman who recently travelled over a certain railroad, which it might excite jealousy to mention by name, declared that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the calves and sheep!"—*Examiner*.

The above, with many good stories like it, hitting hard at certain roads, is continually going the rounds. When the "accidents" occur, however, nothing is heard of them. Then the cry is "the infamous and criminal recklessness of abandoned directors, who, without the least regard to the safety of human life, compel their engineers to urge their locomotives to their utmost rate of speed." Steam it to-day and weep to-morrow.

"The Art Journal reports that an eminent English sculptor has been commissioned to execute a statue of 'the first English printer.' Caxton, to be placed in the great room of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The hotel is built on the site of Caxton's printing office, and it occurred to the directors of the company that the interesting fact should obtain a permanent record. The statue will be a work of very high merit. Caxton is represented seated on a fine oak chair of the period, examining a proof sheet, one foot resting on an iron chest."

All very well, indeed. It is quite time that something were being done to honor these men whose names are eminent as back artists—of the art preservative of arts. Some serious editor once found fault with the line—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"For," said he, "the poet, while he was about it, might just as well have said a good word for the scolders!" And while putting up so many monuments to poets, it would be only consistent, we think, to occasionally erect a tablet to those who print them, often in a manner whose artistic merit exceeds that of the lyrics themselves.

Postmaster Fowler is having 5,000 cast iron letter boxes put up on the lamp-posts in different parts of the city. We are duly grateful for the improvement, but imagine that many persons would be still more grateful if letters could be conveyed, as they ought to be, by the Post Office to different parts of the city at a reasonable rate. At present thousands of persons pay one cent for the stamp on a city letter, and two cents to the postman who brings it to the door; altogether as much as will take it a thousand miles from one post-office to another.

A Peruvian surgeon, now in Paris, offers to perform the operation of amputating the fifth toes of ladies, in order to make their feet pointed and small. Doubtless, if true, there will be plenty to submit to the operation. This recalls the story of a gentleman in the navy who was long famed for his neat little feet, until a treacherous unpaid bootmaker revealed the secret. He had lost all his toes in infancy by an unfortunate mutilation, but like a wise man, instead of appealing to sympathy, made the best of it.

Miss Anne Nicholson, a lady of forty-seven years of age, and a member of the Society of Friends, was faintly poisoned last week in Philadelphia, by taking sulphate of morphia given to her by a medical preparation for sulphate quinine, through the criminal carelessness of a druggist's clerk. Accident, course. It costs less to have assistants who only half know the business, and after all is over they are the ones blamed. Nothing is said of the real culprits.

Within a very few months a great number of eminent artists have chosen New York as a residence, and will, we trust, long remain here. The number

of excellent pictures to be studied in public and private exhibitions, the rapidly rising appreciation of art in New York, and last, not least, the fact that it is the best place in the country for selling pictures, all combine to attract hither the talent whose occupation is "to give form to the beautiful."

Personal.

A DAUGHTER of Schiller is still living. She is the Baroness de Rosenberg. In the *Cologne Gazette* there is a letter from her asking to be supplied with a copy of all the ode and elegies, musical compositions, &c., which may appear on the occasion of the centenary.

The colored waiter, who sold life preservers to the passengers of the New World when she met with the disaster last month, committed suicide last week by jumping into the Hudson, from the Hendrik Hudson.

A FRENCH farmer lately sent an enormous turnip to Louis Napoleon, as a present to honor his imperial soup. The police, taking it for some infernal machine, had the poor agriculturist arrested. He had some trouble in proving his innocence. Happy frog eaters, not to know a hand grenade from a turnip! Such simplicity is truly Arcadian.

Mr. Darby has bought the Dusselder collection of Mr. Boker for \$100,000—it cost the father of "Our Mary Ann" double that amount. Mr. Darby has for many years lived in Cincinnati, where he made a large fortune. He has lately become a New Yorker. The Ohio papers are loud in their regret at his departure from Portopolis.

The Washington States nearly pained this old joke off upon the Washington people: Mr. Buchanan's valet is such a grammarian that when Mr. Footes and his two daughters called at the White House, some time ago, he said: "Mr. Footes and the Misses Fiet." Mr. Boies is not to be trusted with an ancient joke.

The prospectus of the New York *Ledger*, the great family paper, will be found in another column. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *Ledger* is by far the most popular family paper in the country—having a circulation of over four hundred thousand copies. It is always characterized by a high moral tone, and, as will be seen by reference to its advertisement, employs more eminent contributors than any other paper in the world.

If we are to credit the statement of Dr. Cummings, the plety of London is at a very low ebb. He says that out of a population of three millions there are only one hundred and fifty thousand communicants, and that more people leave London every Sunday on pleasure excursions than there are in all the churches and chapels!

The report of Kit Carson's death has been contradicted.

JOHN CARROLL, the proprietor of the popular London journal of that name, is about paying a visit to New York. He contemplates establishing a comic paper here on the Punch plan.

Miss ANN BURTON, of Wapello, Iowa, recently drowned herself, through the fear that she was not loved at home so much as her sister, and that she was less useful.

Texas are thirty-six new alive of the five thousand widows of revolutionary soldiers who originally received pensions under the law of 1838. All of these were married previously to 1793. Among them Sally Stewart was married in 1776, at the age of sixteen; Ann Davis at thirteen, and has survived the event of eighty years. Of the thirty-six, thirty were married under the age of eighteen.

THE accusation against Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, for stabbing E. B. Fay, Jr., the treasurer of the Middlesex Mills, has been withdrawn, because the prosecutor found that no complaint against him could be sustained. The fact is that Dr. Ayer severely defended himself as best he might, with a pocket-knife he happened to have in his hand, against a cowardly assault made on him from behind, with the premeditated intention to dishonor and punish him for the exposure he had made and is making of the wrongs practiced by the officers upon our manufacturing corporations. This community not only upholds the Doctor's successful defense of his person, but it heartily approves his course in publicly denouncing the *Tite Bureau* family management—the abuse of our public property for private ends. Dr. Ayer's medicine, however valuable, are not all for which the masses of our people hold him in regard.—*Boston Herald*

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The old buildings of Paris; their habits—the *Divan Lepelletier*—*Mr. Charles Nodier and grammar*—*The improvements of Paris*—*Edgar A. Poe and his death*—*The touching comedy of a modest artist*.

DEAR ILLUSTRATED—In an old legend of Brittany—and from time to time, if I do not deceive myself, in the melo-dramatic opera—when the sorceress breaks her goblet a thousand beautiful phantoms rise from the fragments, the shadows of the loves which she has enjoyed through its magic influence; so here, in our good Paris, whenever a building is destroyed, there rise, in the journals of the day, a cloud of souvenirs of the past, and the forms of the gay or great who were once seen in it appear dimly again in type. When some architectural fragment of the Middle Ages, long buried in a corner of the Quartier Latin, long burrowed in by students, *charcutiers*, *grisettes* or grocers disappears before the opening course of some new street, as a rabbit vanishes before a serpent in Guadalupe, then the shadows of the olden time come up. Francis I. and the Diana who was not the goddess of chastity; Clement Marot and Du Bellay, Rabelais and Marguerite are all called up, until one is astonished, in the course of time, at the number of houses in which these good people lived or visited. And so on, down through every reign.

I assure you that I have been shown at least four dozen different rooms distinguished as having been the scenes of adventures of Casanova, while those in which St. Germain and Cagliostro raised ghosts are also to be had in large quantities on moderate terms.

It would not be a bad idea for some capitalist to employ an antiquarian to discover quaint rooms, and then advertise them to let, giving with them a little history. There would always be some Englishman anxious for curiosities, some American to whom an actual memorial of the past is always very attractive, who would be willing to climb to a *quintessence* stage, and endure many domestic sorrows, in order to send home letters beginning with—"My Dear Mary—I write you from a room consecrated by the memory of the illustrious — These walls have re-echoed his sighs; these tiles have been worn by his sacred feet—" and so on. Who shall say that the idea has not money in it?

The late end of the *Divan Lepelletier* has thus called up memories of the artists, the poets, the financiers, who once chatted around its marble tables, who once rattled their dominoes upon them. We owe something to M. Paul D'Ivoi for having given us a *feuilleton* on the place whose benches were, however, no divans. There, under clouds of tobacco smoke sparkled the fire of wit from such minds as those of Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Léon Gonin, Mary, Berlioz, Gustav Plané, Gavarni, Gerard de Nerval—make for yourself a catalogue of the great names of the days when *le Nohème* was great, pick out its flowers, and the *Divan Lepelletier* will be the bouquet holder. It saw much of the events of Paris; it chatted over them, it predicted political events, it dethroned kings, it deified sopranos and adored comedienues, it criticized all great men. Take an anecdote of the *Divan*, of the dark little café, where so much light shone:

One day Charles Nodier, the novelist—above all, the grammarian—entered the *Divan*. He was accompanied by a friend named Laviron. Charles Nodier believed himself to be a royalist. People believe a great deal that is wonderful during their lives. He heard the republican raised, and hearing it, sighed, and turning to Laviron, exclaimed, "Ah, your republic—your republic! It will bore me terribly, for I am very royalist. But at least promise me that it will give us a public prosecutor who will not speak French ungrammatically."

Had Satan been the public prosecutor, M. Nodier would have been reconciled to him, had the enemy always made use of correct language.

He was like Beaumais, who once surprised his wife taking a kiss—evidently with no anger—from a young gentleman.

"I must be a going," cried the alarmed Don Juan.

"Must go—must go!" cried the grammarian, in a rage. He forgot the kiss in the greater sin of bad grammar.

Talking of removing old buildings, what will Paris be, where will it be in a few years? You will soon find the past only in engravings and photographs. Never was there such a storm of demolition and of building. Never was there such headlong haste, such a golden age for builders. Streets and boulevards, thousands of new houses, trees planted, gardens laid out—there is even a new project for India rubber dancing halls, which will expand themselves as the air becomes heated during the ball. The theatres which are bunched together on the Boulevard du Temple are to be torn down and rebuilt in different places; the city walls are to disappear, the old offices are to vanish, churches to be finished; we are to have an opera-house which people will come from Japan to visit. It is rather odd that the theatres complain of being separated. It seems that what was luck for one was luck for all. When one had a piece which drew well the others were also full. People who had made up their minds to go to a theatre, finding it impossible to obtain a good place, would say, "No matter, let us go to another." Now, however, they will all be obliged to give good pieces. Decidedly it is a bad wind which does not bear good fortune to some one.

The following extract is from the *Opinion Nationale* of October

18th. In speaking of Erkman Chatriain, a writer of wild grotesques, the writer (Hector Malot) remarks:

"I admit that I wish that this writer of phantasies had been more of a believer and less in the habit of apparently mocking his own stories. Hoffmann trembled at them; Edgar Poe died of them."

As the sentence is worded, one would believe that Edgar A. Poe died of the stories of Monsieur E. Chatriain! He means to say that he died as Hellenbreughel died, of terror at his own wild imaginings. But is even this latter true? Perhaps some of your readers may be interested to learn it.

There is an interesting story—a delightful incident for your next romance or comedy, dear reader—just now being told. M. Arthur de B— is an artist, a sculptor, something of a poet, something of a handsome fellow; a man with the chest of a giant, but modest enough for four giants. He blushes before his models; he is a model of courtesy to ladies; they say that once in the twilight he took off his hat to a plaster Venus, with the murmured remark, "Excuse my intrusion, mademoiselle!"

The Russian Countess Feodora—ovitch is a charming woman of the world, delirious for art, lost in Hellenism, one who reads Sappho in the original, and one sublimely proud of her own beautiful form. She had formed the intention of being sculptured as Sappho, with a dress cut classically low in the neck—that is to say, to her waist. Art is so pure and elevating—the good is twin to the beautiful.

M. de B— was sent for. All was explained to him. The countess was cool, de B— was warm with terror and modesty. He made a sketch of the head—his pencil trembled—the countess disrobed—he fainted!

When he recovered her fair hands were bathing his temples with *eau de verveine*—a shawl thrown over her ivory shoulders. She had drawn a great moral reflection from his pure mind—possibly a more earthly one from his good looks.

"Do you think that you could model a wife?" she asked him.

They are to be married.

PANORAM.

LITERATURE.

We have received from P. M. HAYBERRY, 115 Fulton street, the *Plains of James Clarence Mangon*, with a biographical introduction by John Mitchell. *Mangon's* Poems were but little known save to the readers of the *Dublin University Magazine* and two or three of the radical Irish newspapers. In the *Dublin University Magazine* his contributions were highly prized; his German anthologies attracted a large share of attention, especially among scholars, for his translations of the German poets were not only rendered faithfully and with spirit, but the polished grace of his style, and the lucidity of which of his own exquisite sensibility and fancy, added a charm which few other translators possess. We read them with unqualified pleasure, so fascinating is the spontaneous flow and the elegant yet impassioned freedom of the language; they were less the appearance of translations than any work of a similar character; but while the translator is identified throughout we seem to know the poet better, and to be placed in more immediate rapport with him than by any other translation that we ever read.

The biographical sketch by John Mitchell is deeply interesting. He draws a picture of such utter poverty and physical wretchedness, that the heart fairly aches with painful sympathy for the bodily and material sufferings of the unfortunate child of genius. We have rarely read a life history which affected us so deeply as that of Mangon, as portrayed by his friend Mitchell. We will not retell the story of its pathos in a brief and necessarily imperfect summary, but cannot it to the perusal of all who purchase the poems as the history of a great heart battling with a fate so adverse as to border upon the regions of romance.

Mangon was wholly and truly Irish. Every pulse in his frame throbbled with love for his country, and sympathy with her wrongs and the spirit of the ancient bards breathed out in his national songs in words of fire. He spoke to the people—spoke to them with a poet's prophetic spirit and a patriot's devoted earnestness. It is, therefore, no wonder that his songs touched the popular heart until the people recognized him as the people's poet. And he lived, his power would have been more potent to move the masses than all the demagogues of the land, for his was no word-painting. All who read felt the electric sympathy of the true heart speaking out, and as they felt they believed.

This is one of the most interesting books of the day, and we cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

We have received from FREDERICK & Co. The *Percy Family*. Through England and Scotland. By Daniel C. Kedy. We noticed some months ago the first volume of the *Percy* series. The plan of the series is simply this: an American merchant starts as an extended tour with his two young children, and with them visits every place of scenery, either for its interest grandeur and beauty, or for historical reminiscences. The history and the descriptions of the various spots are given in the simplest language possible, and much valuable information is imparted, drawn forth, as it were, naturally, by the simple but pertinent questions of his little children.

The present volume takes the travellers through Scotland and England. We admire the plan of the series greatly. It not only interests young readers, but it familiarizes them with historical places and events in a manner which is not likely to pass away from their memory. The first volume had a large sale, and we have no doubt that the second will equal it.

MUSICAL.

CLOSE of the Season at the Academy of Music.—The winter season at the Academy of Music closed with a grand "Adieu. Pathétique," the great success of that charming young artist rendering it but an act of justice to award her the compliment and honor of naming the last performance after her. Her brilliant talents have redeemed the season, and made the closing nights a series of successes. The company go to Boston immediately. We shall comment at length upon the past season in our next.

DRAMA.

Mrs. Stoepel, nee Heron, has succeeded the Barney Williams at Niblo's, and we fancy that to the regular habitués of that establishment it is a most agreeable change. We do not desire to disparage the Williams, but we cannot but think, judging from the general appearance of their audiences, that they would be more immediately among their admirers at some theatre on the eastern side of the city.

Mrs. Stoepel as yet has only appeared as Camille and Medea, two characters upon her rendition of which so much has been written, that we do not propose to swell the amount farther than to say that she still preserves all that freshness and originality which gained for her so sudden and enviable a reputation.

Miss Keane finds the "Wife's Secret" so attractive that it still retains possession of her stage, and the management of the Winter Garden have been procuring "Dot" and "Smoke" on the same night, but promises immediately a new five act play, of which, however, we shall not probably be able to speak until next week.

At Wallack's the benefits have been the order of the week. No novelty being offered, however, until Wednesday evening last, when Mr. Walnut produced Coleman and Garrison's comedy of the "Candidious Marriage," this being the first time it had ever been acted at this theatre. Though entirely behind the present fashions of the stage, the "Candidious Marriage" is nevertheless interesting as a relic of the past, showing what manner of comedy was accepted by an age gone by as a mirror of the time; and also having originally suggested to Mr. Boucicault the two characters which first gained him reputation as a dramatic author; those of Mr. Harcourt Courtly and Max Harkaway. The resemblance of the former to Lord Ogley is most palpable, and the latter bears evident marks of indebtedness to the part of Mr. Sterling; we must add, however, that to our mind Mr. Boucicault's copies are vastly superior both in tone and finish to the originals.

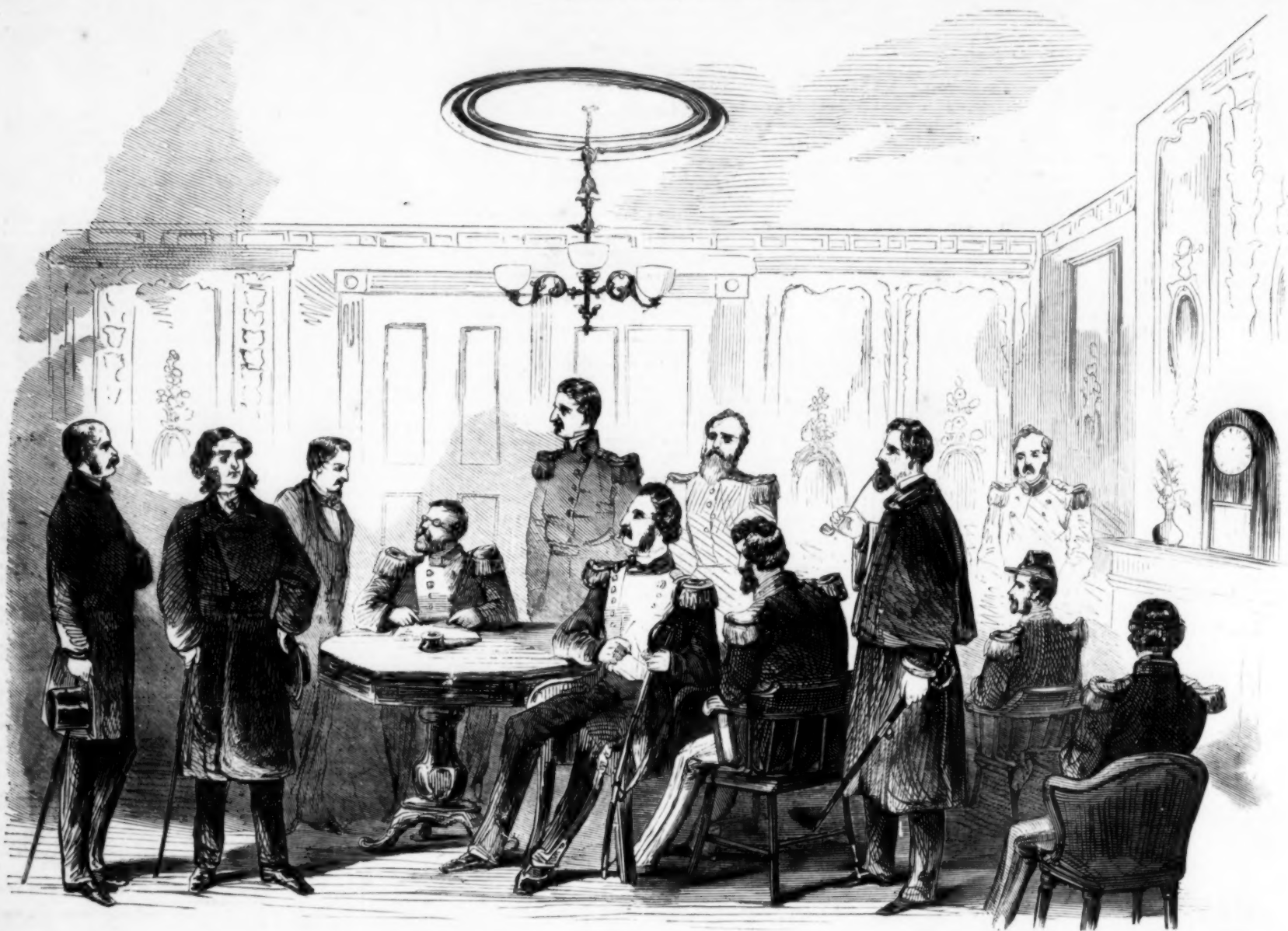
Mr. Walnut's impersonation of Lord Ogley was carefully studied and elaborated, but can hardly be pronounced a great success; the same lack of repose that always marred his performance of the Harcourt was apparent in this part; and the change from the gaily and ribaldous old gentleman of the first act to the almost boyish vivacity of the latter portion of the play was too marked; in other respects the character was nicely rendered, especially the scenes in the fourth act, in which Mr. Walnut exhibited a degree of ability that brought forth very palpable evidence of delight from the audience. Mr. Lester Wallack (probably for the purpose of strengthening the cast) played the unimportant part of Bruah, valet to Lord Ogley, and succeeded in making it quite a feature.

Mr. Brongham as Canton, a French attendant on my lord, in fact his Em-wel, was most happy.

Mr. Moore as Mr. Sterling was hard and angular; while Mr. Dyott, Mrs. Hoey and Mrs. Sloan did what little the author has given them to do tolerably well; but by far the best performance in the piece was the Mrs. Harkaway of Mrs. Vernon. It was such a piece of comic acting as we have seen but years, and would make a much more stupid comedy than the "Candidious Marriage" amusing.

Sarah Cowell, under the management of Mr. H. L. Bateman, has been giving his "Drawing Room Concerts" at the French Theatre. Why they are called "Drawing Room Concerts" we confess our inability to discover; but whatever they may choose to denominate his entertainments, this much we will say, that Mr. Cowell succeeds in eliciting as much laughter from his audience in a given space of time as any performer we have ever seen. With a face exceedingly well adapted to comedy, a good voice and engaging manner, Mr. Cowell bids fair to meet with a fair share of success.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.



Artist.

Correspondent.

Aide de Camp to Gov. Wise.

General Tallaferra.

Major Mumford, Adjutant-General of the Post.

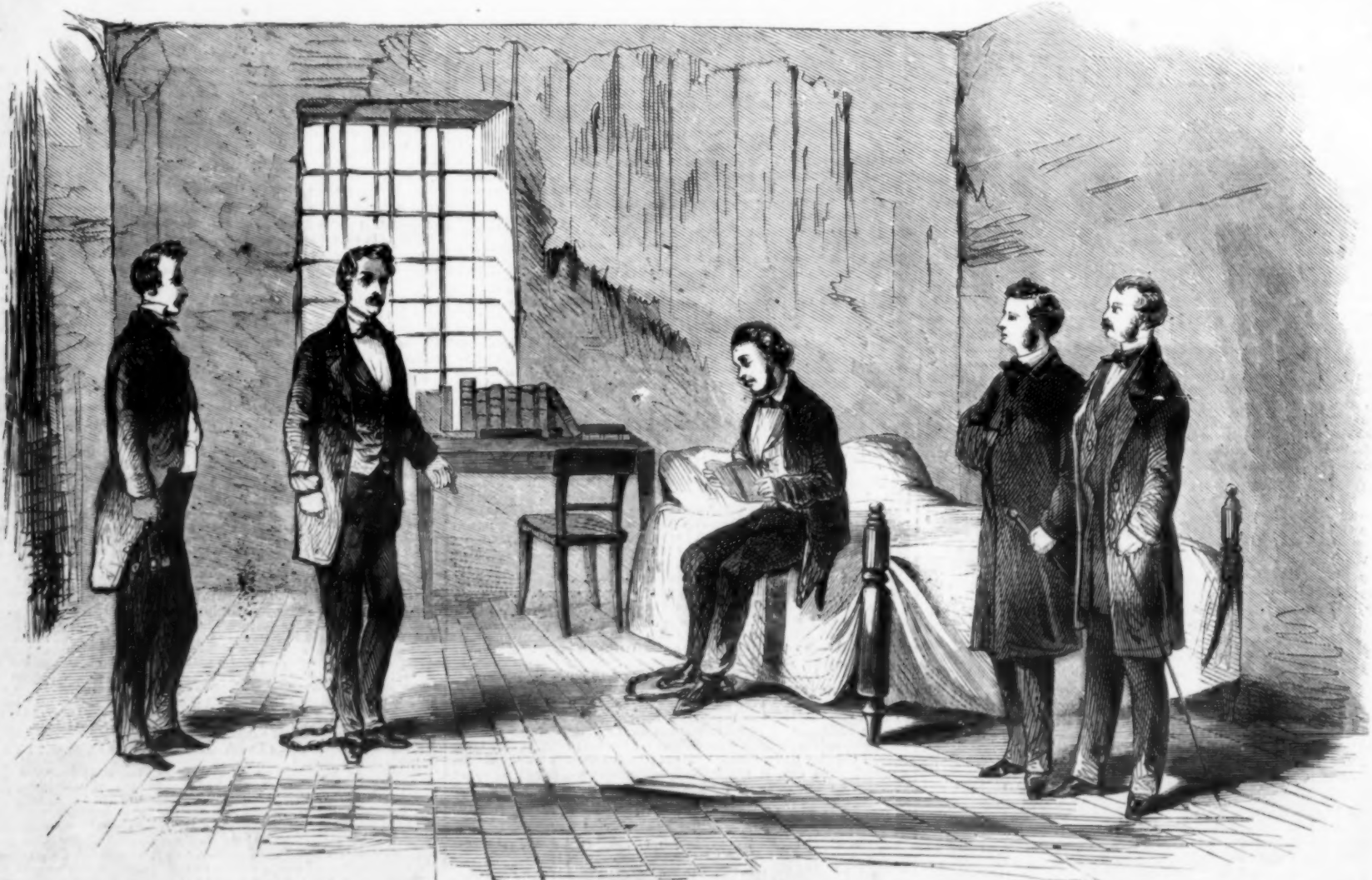
OUR ARTIST AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT BEING EXAMINED BY THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES, ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN CHARLESTOWN.

EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

In accordance with his sentence, John Brown was executed at fifteen minutes past eleven on Friday. The scaffold was surrounded by troops, and nothing occurred to disturb the solemnity of the

occasion. In our next edition we shall give full particulars of this closing scene of a rough, stern, misled man, who has shipwrecked himself and family on the rock of abolitionism. As was supposed by every sensible person, no rescue was attempted, Governor Wise

having made such preparations that it would have been impossible to count on success. The crowd was immense. The military preserved the strictest discipline, and there was no undue exhibition of vindictive feeling on the part of the State.



J. C.

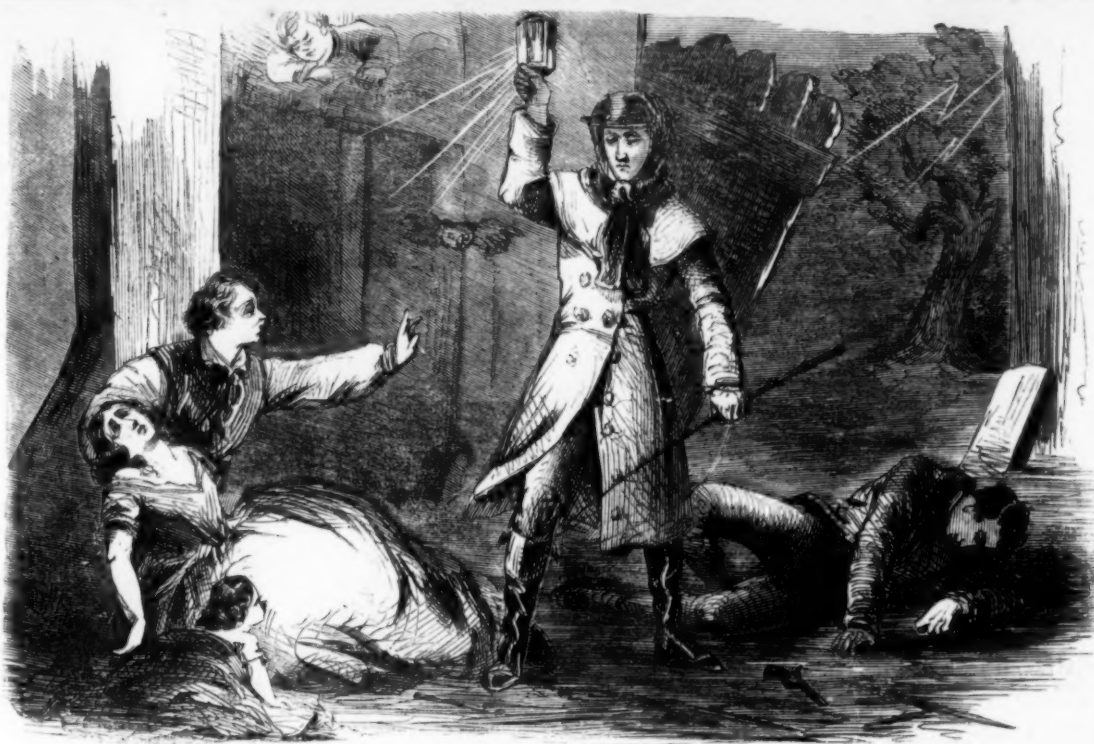
Cook.

Coppie

Correspondent.

Artist.

OUR ARTIST AND SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT VISITING COOK AND COPPIE IN THEIR CELL, PREVIOUS TO THEIR EXECUTION.



A tall, thin, elderly man, closely buttoned up in a white overcoat, enters the barn, and directed the light from a gig-lamp which he carried in his hand upon the group.

THE MYSTERY;

OR THE

GIPSY GIRL OF KOTSWOLD.

A ROMANCE BY J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Substance and Shadow," "Smiles and Tears," "Dick Tarrleton," "Phases of Life," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT thirty years ago there stood midway between Lincoln and Sleaford an old manor-house, called Rockingham Hall, a square, heavy, red-brick building, that even in its youthful days never would have pretended to anything like architectural taste. It was not even picturesque; the only point remarkable about it was its size, which, from a distance, caused it to be frequently mistaken for a manufactory, or the poor-house.

In fact, it was one of those unfortunate mansions on which the spirit of desolation appeared to have settled, furled its battlike wings and brooded. Nearly all the lower windows were boarded over; those in the apartments above looked black and dingy; the panes obscured by dirt and cobwebs, and the frames rotting for want of a coat of paint.

Years must have elapsed since repairs of any kind had been bestowed upon the place; damp had taken possession of it—rioted at its ease—slowly eaten its way from the foundation to the timbers of the roof, in which there were evident sinkings marked by ridges not unlike streaks of blood, just where the dislocated tiles had separated and showed the original bright red color of their edges.

The doors of the principal entrance looked as if they had never opened willingly unless to permit a funeral to pass through. If any curious person had placed his ear against them and listened, he might as reasonably have expected to have heard the howling of a pack of wolves, as the sound of cheerful voices, or the patter of little feet chasing each other in the hall beyond.

And yet the place was inhabited; but of its inmates we shall speak anon.

The house at one period had been surrounded by an extensive park, but the trees and plantations had long since disappeared before the hammer of the auctioneer; and the land had been added, piece by piece, to the neighboring farms, till a narrow lawn and a patch, half orchard half garden, at the back, were the only portions of the original domain attached to the mansion.

It had long been an article of faith with the rustic inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets that Rockingham Hall was haunted. More than one farmer had silenced the reproaches of his dame at the state he returned in by declaring that he had seen the "White Lady and her shadow." Some even went so far as to assert that they had seen two white ladies—a variation in the tradition only to be accounted for by their having caroused later than usual at the market ordinary.

There was this peculiarity about the apparition—all who had seen it, or imagined they had, described it as dressed in white, closely veiled, and accompanied by a dark figure, supposed to be an attendant spirit; hence the name by which it was invariably spoken of—the White Lady and her shadow.

The country round the hall appeared equally barren with the lawn. Here and there a few knotted pollards broke at irregular distances the dull uniformity of the low stunted hedges separating the high road from the lawn and Lincoln common, an extensive waste, producing little else besides gorse and scanty feed for a few sheep in summer. Occasionally a party of gipsies might encamp there, secure from interruption, for the lord of the manor had long been absent in a foreign land, and his house the abode of one who had neither leisure nor inclination to interfere with such picturesque but lawless settlers.

On the opposite side of the road, nearly a hundred paces from the hedge, just on the outskirts of the common, stood a solitary barn half buried in ivy and a mass of parasitical plants, which kept the half-rotten planks together. Why a barn had ever been built in such an out-of-the-way place, no one could divine; evidently it was rarely used, for one of the doors had fallen from its rusty hinges, and its companion creaked mournfully as it swung lazily to and fro in the wind, which shrieked and whistled whilst sweeping in sudden gusts round the corners and over the roof of the crazy old building, on the night when two youthful travellers, whom we are about to have the pleasure of introducing to our readers, were trudging through a pitiless storm of rain and sleet along the bleak and lonely road.

Oliver Brandreth, the eldest, was a fine manly-looking youth of fourteen, whose light curling hair, blue eyes and unmistakably Saxon features, presented a fair index to his character, which was truthful, loving and courageous. He looked like one whom fear had never degraded to the subterfuge of a lie—to whose heart friendship or misfortune could not appeal in vain for sympathy—to whose thoughts the lips acted as no cautious sentinels. What he felt he invariably expressed, and no one who knew him ever doubted his sincerity.

To this portrait his companion, who could not have been more than twelve years of age, presented, physically at least, a decided contrast.

Philip Blandford had dark hair and eyes, such as are seldom met with except in natives of the sunny south. There was a world of feeling and slumbering passion in them, especially for one so young; glances of intelligence, too, that flashed brightly one instant, and appeared subdued the next, as if long habit or the yet stronger influence of fear had taught him to control and discipline their expression. An unnatural, because premature sadness appeared written

on every feature of his handsome face; the lines were not such as those which sudden sorrow or illness would have traced, but fixed like the impress of a seal. He rarely smiled unless when his companion, to whose arm he clung with helpless, touching confidence, addressed him in cheering tones, then his countenance would for a moment change, and its sadness disappear, like the gloom overshadowing a landscape dispersed by a sudden ray of sunshine.

Although the clothes of both the boys were travel-stained and soaked with rain, it would have been difficult to have taken them for anything but for what they really were—the sons of gentlemen. "Walk on, Phil," exclaimed the elder, "there is no fear of our being caught now; we must come to a village soon."

"My heart is sinking," replied the tired youth. "I feel as if I could throw myself down by the roadside and die at once."

"Die!" repeated his companion! "nonsense. Show more pluck than that; why, we have only walked thirty miles; as for the rain, it's nothing; just imagine we have been caught by a storm in the cricket-field, got jolly wet, and laugh at it as I do. We must push on," he added, resolutely, "or we shall never catch the coach in the morning for London."

"Only a moment, Oliver, dear Oliver, to recover breath," murmured the younger traveller, in fainter tones, "and I will try, I'll try."

The head of the poor exhausted boy sank upon his chest, and he must have fallen had not the strong arm he had been clinging to sustained him.

For the first time since their escape from school—their reasons for running away we reserve for another occasion—Oliver felt really alarmed, but his presence of mind did not forsake him; he looked coolly round, and perceiving the old barn at a short distance, carried his now senseless comrade to it for shelter.

Fortunately he discovered in one corner of the place a quantity of straw, on which he deposited his burden, and, kneeling by his side, began chafing his face and hands.

"Phil! dear Phil!" he exclaimed, perceiving that his efforts to recover him were at last crowned with success, "forgive me; it was foolish of me to urge you beyond your strength; but I felt so anxious to proceed."

"I will try," repeated the sufferer; "I will try, if you will only—"

"You shall do nothing of the kind," interrupted the affectionate youth; "we will remain here till morning; by that time our jackets will be dry; we have plenty of biscuits, and shan't starve."

"Remain here," repeated his companion, looking round him with a shudder.

"And a very nice place, too," replied his more courageous companion. "What are you afraid of, and I by your side? I have brought the pistol we bought to shoot old Danby's sparrows with," he added, in a whisper.

"Why, you would never fire at a man, would you, Oliver?" demanded Phil, who began to feel somewhat reassured.

"Wouldn't I? that's all," answered his friend; "only let any one attack us. But it's foolish to boast when there is no danger near. Robbers would never think of coming to a place like this, unless, as we have done, for shelter. Here we are, and let us make up our minds to make the best of it. How do you feel now?"

"Better; much better."

Some boys possess not only extraordinary self-reliance, but a power of readily adapting themselves to almost any circumstances in which they may be placed. Oliver Brandreth was one of these, and, having made up his mind that the best thing he could do would be to pass the night with his tired companion in the barn, he at once set about making what he called comfortable arrangements.

"Don't leave me," said Blandford, clinging to him; "pray don't leave me."

"I'll not quit the barn," replied his friend; "I promise you that, but I must look for some more straw; we shall be perished else before morning."

Being without the means of procuring a light, the speaker had nothing but his hands to guide him in the search. After groping round the walls and in the corners of the building for some time, he struck his head against a rickety ladder, which he unhesitatingly mounted and found himself in a small loft full of hay.

"The very thing!" he joyously exclaimed.

"Where are you?" shouted his companion, in a voice of terror.

"At your side, Phil, all right," answered Oliver, sliding down the ladder.

In a few words he imparted the discovery he had made, and persuaded the weary youth to remount with him.

"Just the thing—is it not?" he said, after beating down the hay, so as to form a sort of nest for his tired comrade to creep into.

"You will lie warmer here, with me by your side, than alone in old Danby's damp cellar, although he did allow you a pillow and a coverlid. But we will not speak of that now," he added, for he heard the half-suppressed sob that rose to the lips of the poor boy; "I was a fool to mention it. Give me your wet jacket."

Phil readily removed it, and gave it to the speaker, who hung it over one of the beams to dry. He next took off his own, having first withdrawn the pistol he spoke of from the pocket.

"Is it loaded?" demanded his friend.

"I should think it was loaded!" answered Oliver; "two marbles and the brass-headed nail I drew out of the staple in the cellar-door. There, I have found a place for it—just within reach."

Before retiring to rest, the two youths contrived by their united strength to draw up the ladder, and so render any attack—unless from the rats, or a pair of solitary owls who, from their perch at the remote end of the barn, had been gravely watching their proceedings—impossible. That done, they buried themselves in the hay, and with their arms clasped round each other's neck, tried to sleep, but found it impossible—for the wind continued to howl mournfully as a dirge over them.

And it was fortunate they did not sleep, for just as the tired boys began to feel warm and comfortable, two men entered the barn, and commenced groping about to find a spot to repose in.

"Don't be alarmed," whispered Oliver Brandreth, in the ear of his frightened companion; "remember we have drawn up the ladder, and I have my pistol. Hush!" he added, pressing him closer in his arms; "whatever you hear, not a word."

"Well, this is a blessed place," grumbled the first of the intruders, whom his companion afterwards addressed by the euphonious name of Squills; "not even a truss to lay one's head on. I wish we were safe in the tents again."

"I don't," replied the second one.

"And why don't yer?"

"Because they will be sure to look for us there, and I ain't no wish to be at home when the constable calls. There's no shakin' on 'em off," he added, "they are so cussedly curious."

The first speaker still continued to mutter about the want of accommodation; not that he was justified in being over fastidious, seeing that he and his companion both belonged to a tribe of gipsies encamped a few miles off upon the common. His comrade, who was evidently of a more philosophic turn of mind than himself, instead of replying to him, struck a light, and began to smoke.

"Here's the straw!" exclaimed Squills, pointing to the corner where Philip Blandford, who listened in silent terror to their conversation, had so lately lain; "let's turn in."

"Won't you take a pull at the pipe, first?" demanded Jinks; "it'll keep the cold out of your bones."

"I wish it would put something in my belly," answered his comrade, gruffly.

"Never satisfied; allays a grumblin'," observed the former.

"It is all very well," said Squills; "but if you knew as much about this place as I do, you mightn't feel quite so jolly and comfortable."

"Why didn't you go to the hall, then," demanded Jinks, "as I wanted yer? The old doctor never refuses any poor traveller a shelter."

"Better the ditch, the road-side, or the snow-drift," exclaimed his comrade, with a shudder, "than a night beneath the same roof with him! It's my opinion he ain't nateral like as we are. Many's the time I've helped Caster, the sexton, to dig up newly-buried bodies for him. What could he want with them?"

"The deuce knows, I don't."

"Hush, don't talk of him here."

At this instant the wind swept with a sudden gust over the roof and through the rafters of the barn; and the owls, disturbed by the



KNIGHTRIDER.—The Farm House at Deep Hollow.—SEE PAGE 42.

noise, or more probably by the fumes of the tobacco, flew from their perch with a loud screech.

The superstitious ruffian dropped his pipe.

"What's that?" he faltered.

"Who-who te-who!" said his companion, imitating the birds. "You, a born Romanee," he added, in a tone of contempt, "not to know the cry of an owl."

"Was that all?"

"Why what did you think it was, then?"

"Don't ask me," interrupted Squills, "don't ask me; I can't tell you here. This is the place where Simon Lee, who passed himself off as a drover from the north, met the farmer's granddaughter."

"And left her here," observed the philosophic Mister Jinks, "after casing her of the blunt she had robbed the old man of." "I know all about that story; heard it in the tents when I was a boy."

"But you did not see it?"

"No."

"I did."

Having finished their pipes, the speakers crept into the straw in the corner; and the two boys, who had been listening in terror to their conversation, began to congratulate themselves that the adventures of the night were over, when a third wayfarer, driven by the storm, the violence of which increased, came staggering into the barn.

It was a woman, bearing a child about two years of age in her arms. With the instinct of maternal love, the desolate creature had carefully enveloped her burden in a shawl—a large and handsome one, leaving her own neck and shoulders exposed to the pitiless rain and sleet which had drenched her to the skin.

In the most endearing terms, she began soothing the cries of the infant, whom she called her darling Annie.

"Hush! hush!" she murmured; "closer, closer to my bosom; we are safe here, and under shelter."

Oliver shuddered at the sound of her voice. He thought of the two gipsies.

In moments of excitement or danger it is extraordinary how acute the sense of hearing suddenly becomes, and how readily it distinguishes the nature of one sound from another. Above the shrill whistling of the wind which still continued to rage with unabated fury, the sharp patter of the rain dashing in violent gusts against the boarded sides of the barn, the youth distinctly heard a slight rustling amongst the straw.

His companion also must have noticed it, for he clung to him in an agony of terror.

For a few seconds it ceased; then was renewed again; and they both knew as well as if they had seen them, that the men had crept from their place of concealment and were stealthily approaching the woman and her child.

The heart of Oliver beat wildly. It was a fearful position for one so young to be placed in; the witness possibly of a murder, or some more horrible outrage. His suspense amounted to agony, and he felt incapable of action, frozen, spell bound.

A piercing shriek dispelled his terror and restored the high-spirited boy both to his courage and self-possession. Stretching forth his hand he grasped the pistol.

"What would you?" exclaimed the woman; "I am poor, wretched as yourselves. Do not harm me! Mercy! mercy!"

A shrieking laugh from the gipsies who had seized upon her was the only reply to her frantic appeal. The shrieks were renewed, each one more terrible than the former. Oliver Brandreth could endure it no longer. Dropping from the loft, he groped his way to the spot, where the female was struggling desperately in the arms of her brutal assailants.

Without an instant's hesitation, he placed his weapon to the head of the ruffian nearest to him and pulled the trigger.

A groan followed the report; one of the wretches had fallen. It was the philosophic Mister Jinks.

On hearing the discharge of the pistol, Philip Blandford uttered a succession of piercing cries, and shouted "Murder!"

"Don't be alarmed, Phil," exclaimed the courageous youth; "I am not hurt, and have done for one of the rascals!"

Squills waited to hear no more; ignorant how many persons there were in the barn, he sprang through the door and directed his flight across the common.

"Speak," said Oliver, trying to raise the female from the ground; "for heaven's sake speak to me!"

His words were unanswered; the poor wanderer had fainted.

It would be difficult to say how much longer her protector's coolness and self-possession might have lasted. Fortunately, he was spared the trial; assistance was at hand. A tall, thin, elderly man, closely buttoned up in a white overcoat, entered the barn, and directed the light from a gig-lamp which he carried in his hand upon the group. There was something singularly cold and unimpassioned in the expression of his face; and yet it was not evil.

"What has happened?" he demanded; "murder?"

Poor Phil, from his retreat in the loft, repeated the word.

"Come down," cried Oliver; "there is no danger now, and we have found assistance."

"I must first know that you deserve it," observed the gentleman, eyeing him sharply.

"Whatever you may think of me," observed the boy, "you cannot refuse it to a woman and child. I can do without your help," he added, in a tone of self-reliance that caused the stranger to smile.

"Held the lamp," said the latter, at the same time placing it in his hand, " whilst I attend to your friend."

The speaker drew from his pocket a small case, such as a country practitioner might be supposed to carry with him; and taking from it a stoppered phial, sprinkled a portion of its contents over the forehead of the female, who gradually recovered her recollection.

Young as she was, her protector could not avoid being struck by the remarkable beauty of her features.

The first words she uttered were—"Annie! Annie!"

A smile rested for an instant on her colorless lips when Oliver placed the infant in her arms.

"Bless you!" she murmured, "bless you!"

"Is she your mother?" demanded the gentleman.

"No! I never saw her till this night. We were the first," he added, pointing to Phil, who by this time had descended from the loft, "to seek shelter in the barn; the two gipsies came next, and lastly this poor woman and her child."

"You, then," exclaimed the female, "are my preserver?"

"I did my best," answered Oliver, modestly. "I hope I have not killed the fellow outright, though," he added.

A groan from the prostrate Mr. Jinks assured him that, however desperate the condition of that respectable person might be, the vital breath had not yet departed.

The stranger advanced to the spot where the rascal was lying, and turned him over with his foot. The bullets—or rather the marbles and brass-headed nail, for our readers have not forgotten the peculiar manner in which the pistol had been charged—had passed through his cheeks and shattered his teeth without producing any more serious injury. A shudder ran through his frame as his glance encountered the eyes that were fixed upon him.

"I am done for," he stammered.

"Only marked," said the gentleman. "I have often told you that the gallows was to be your end, and my predictions rarely fail. Off with you," he added, pointing to the door; "and thank fortune for your escape."

The ruffian, with some difficulty, rose to his feet, and staggered out of the barn.

"You are not frightened now, are you, Phil?" demanded his friend, affectionately.

"Well, I—I don't think I am," answered the boy, "now that I find you are unharmed. Only to think of your shooting a man! What would the Olives, Vorles and old Danby say, if they knew it?"

"Hush!" interrupted Oliver in a whisper. "No names. Recollect we are only thirty miles on our way to London yet, and it would never do to be caught and taken back."

Philip Blandford turned pale at the very thought.

"Follow me," said the gentleman, turning to the group. "It is fortunate that I was passing in my gig at the moment the pistol was discharged. I will find you a more fitting place to pass the night in than this."

Without waiting for a reply, he led the way. The woman with her child and the two friends unhesitatingly followed him, for there was something in his manner, even more than in his words, that inspired confidence.

On emerging into the road they saw the horse and gig.

"It will never carry us all," observed Oliver Brandreth.

"There is no need," replied the owner; "yonder is my home."

He pointed at the same time to Rockingham Hall, which was only a few paces distant.

CHAPTER II.

It is time that we should introduce somewhat more particularly to our reader the gentleman whose opportune appearance in the barn had proved of such service to the terrified inmates.

Herbert Lacy, or, as he was more familiarly called, the Doctor, for the last ten years had tenanted Rockingham Hall. It could not have been poverty that induced him to fix his abode in that solitary mansion, or compelled him to remain there with no other servants than an aged housekeeper and a boy named Sparkes, whom he had taken from the poor-house.

No one knew from what part of the country Mr. Lacy came, or anything respecting his family. He had neither friends nor acquaintances; and, although supposed to be a member of the medical profession, refused all practice, unless in cases which the practitioners in the neighborhood pronounced hopeless. These he frequently treated with extraordinary success, but invariably declined receiving any fee for his services.

Strange tales were told about the country of his dealings with the sexton of the parish, who was supposed to supply him with subjects for dissection and scientific experiments. As a matter of course, they lost nothing from being repeated, and the superstitious rustics, even whilst they profited by his bounty and skill, regarded him with something like awe, if not positive aversion.

The former feeling extended itself to the two persons who formed his solitary establishment.

This was not very remarkable as far as the housekeeper, Mary Daws, was concerned, for she had a bitter tongue, and a temper that to all but her master appeared indomitable. To him she was habitually mild and submissive, and what, probably, he approved of more decidedly, chary of her conversation.

In other words, she waited upon him, and performed her household duties whilst he was within hearing, in silence.

James Sparkes—or Jim, as he was familiarly called—had gone to the doctor a deformed, sickly-looking lad, stunted in his growth, and afflicted with a withered limb, which the parish doctors had pronounced incurable. The master of the workhouse, schoolmaster, beadle and guardians—all speculated on the reasons that guided Herbert Lacy in making such a choice; especially as there were a dozen boys, at the very least, well grown and strong, from whom he might have selected a servant. Some attributed it to eccentricity; others looked wise, and hinted to a desire of possessing himself of a remarkable specimen of humanity, to add to the museum he was said to be forming; but not one of them ever hinted at the true motive—humanity.

Jim had not been more than a year in his new abode when it was noticed that he walked with much less difficulty than formerly. Many were the questions put to him, but he obstinately declined to answer them. Like all who have suffered without meeting with sympathy, there was a certain amount of malignity in his disposition, or at least the germs of such a passion, which circumstances might eradicate or confirm.

Like the old housekeeper, he too was silent and submissive to his master, whom he looked upon with fear on account of his wondrous knowledge. He would stand by him for hours whilst he was dissecting; watch every movement of the cunning hand, the dexterous manipulations, puzzling his brain to comprehend their purpose.

Once, and once only, he asked the doctor to instruct him.

Herbert Lacy looked up and regarded him attentively, before he made him any answer; and when he replied, it was by a cold refusal.

The boy burst into tears, not of feeling, but passion, and his deepest eyes flashed vindictively.

"The knowledge you seek," observed his master, "would neither benefit yourself nor humanity, but only make you more dangerous; for there is little—very little—that is good in you, and I frequently ask myself whether I am acting wisely in restoring to you the strength of which Providence thought fit to deprive you. Your heart is filled with hatred of your fellow creatures," he added.

"Whom have I ever had to love?" demanded the lad, bitterly.

"The nurses at the workhouse all hated me, and the children refused to play with me. I never heard a kind or a good word till I came here. Yours are good," he added, "but they are cold."

"Well, well," said his master, who at that moment felt deeply interested in the subject before him; "I will think of it."

Possibly the conversation slipped his memory, or that he saw no reason to alter the opinion he had formed, for he never alluded to the subject again, and Jim, being repulsed in his first attempt to acquire knowledge, did not repeat his request.

Neither the housekeeper nor the boy ventured to express surprise when the master introduced his guests into the scantily furnished dining-room, in which, however, a good fire blazed cheerfully, but received his orders to prepare beds in silence.

"I am not in the habit of receiving visitors," he added, turning to his guests; "and fear the accommodation will prove but homely."

"Shelter," murmured the female, "is all that I require."

"Better than the barn, at any rate," replied Oliver Brandreth, who rejoiced on his companion's account at the change more than on his own.

Food was placed before the two youths, of which—despite the boast of the speaker about the biscuits—they partook of heartily.

Meanwhile, the woman, who had declined sharing in their repast, remained seated with her child near the fire, which had brought the color back to her pale cheeks. So great was the change, her young defender could not refrain from casting a glance from time to time at her remarkable beauty.

It was one of those heads whose type is rarely to be found except in the sculptures of Greece, when art was in the perfection of its genius. Almond-shaped eyes, flashing one moment with intense feeling, soft and tender the next as girlhood's dream; the nostril delicately chiselled; and the lips, half open, finely formed, full of passion and determination. The bust, too, whose outlines the wet dress which clung to her displayed to peculiar advantage, appeared perfect.

Evidently no common circumstances had caused so exquisite a creature to wander on such a night, alone and unprotected, upon Lincoln Heath.

When the housekeeper returned and informed her that the chamber was ready, she rose from her seat; and, after thanking their host for his benevolence, approached the spot where Oliver remained seated.

"Heaven bless you!" she exclaimed—"noble, generous youth; I have only thanks to offer you—the thanks," she added, of "the fatherless and wretched!"

Inclining her head, she gently touched the forehead of the blushing boy with her lips; and, before he could recover from his surprise, or find a word to answer her, followed Mary Daws from the room.

"What a dull fool she must have taken me for," thought Oliver.

"Surely she cannot imagine that I looked for any recompense. I wonder if I could assist her?"

And he began mentally to calculate how much money he and Phil Blandford could muster between them.

"Barely enough to take us to London," he concluded, with a sigh.

"I will take care that her present necessities are relieved," observed his host, as if he had divined his wish. "I will not question you to-night—or rather this morning," he added, with a smile; "for by this time your bed, I doubt not, is ready; Jim will conduct you to it."

The speaker shook hands cordially with each of his youthful guests, who followed their conductor to the chamber hastily arranged for their reception.

The boy preceded them at a pace which rendered his lameness more apparent. There was a feeling of bitterness in his heart. His master had never shaken hands with him!

"Don't hurry," said Oliver, "we can wait."

Jim turned sharply round. The kindly tone in which the words were spoken arrested his attention, and he would have replied to them had not the terror he read on the countenance of poor Phil—a terror which he truly deemed was produced by his own unseemly appearance—caused him to change his mind, and with a scowl upon his overhanging brows, he dashed up the staircase and along the corridor, still more rapidly than before.

The room into which he showed them evidently was rarely or ever used; years probably had elapsed since it received an inmate, for the tapestry had become rotten with age and damp, and hung in fragments from the walls. Possibly it would have fallen altogether, had not some half-dozen portraits, in massive frames, held portions of it in their place. The bed stood in a recess; the two or three blankets, rugs and coarse linen sheets, hastily spread upon it, contrasted strangely with the faded hangings, which were of velvet, ornamented by a heavy canopy and what had once been plumes.

"It looks like a hearse," whispered Philip Blandford. "I wish we had remained in the barn."

"I don't," answered Oliver, cheerfully; "to say nothing of the supper and a roof over our heads, we have a fire," he added, pointing to sundry logs of woods blazing brightly on the hearth.

Jim lingered at the door of the chamber, and the speaker, imagining that it was with the expectation of receiving a gratification for his trouble in the shape of money, held out his hand with half-a-crown in it. The lad, with a sudden expression of pleasure upon his naturally ugly features, extended his own; he had not seen the coin.

It was painful to witness the change, when, instead of finding it grasped, he felt a half-crown dropped into it.

With a word that sounded like an oath, he dashed the money upon the floor, and disappeared.

"Mad!" muttered Phil; "he must be mad!"

"Only his monkey up," said his friend. "He thought I was going to shake hands with him."

"And why didn't you?"

"Because I did not understand his meaning, and thought that he expected money," replied Oliver. "Can't make him out; but I suppose his master can. I wish he had not taken the light with him."

"You are afraid now," observed his companion.

"Stuff!" exclaimed the resolute boy; "what is there to be afraid of? If I required the light, it was because I felt a curiosity to examine these old pictures. 'I'll manage it,' he continued, 'for I never like to be beaten; can't stand that.'"

Drawing a brand from the blazing fire, he held it to the portrait nearest to him. A cry of surprise escaped him.

"Look, Phil—it is the woman!"

"What woman?"

"The one whom we saved from the gipsies in the barn. There can be no mistake—the eyes—the features are the same."

"Well, it is like her," muttered the sleepy boy, "but why trouble yourself about her?" (she had not pressed her lips to his forehead;)

"for, after all, the resemblance can only be accidental."

"Look at the date!"

Oliver held the light yet nearer, and saw 1783 distinctly painted on the panel. The dress, too, of the person represented was of the same period.

Neither of the youths could make up their minds to repose in the hearse-like looking bed, but removed from it the blankets and rugs to make what the eldest called a comfortable crib to pass the night in. It was close to the fire, warm and snug. Schoolboys have a natural aptitude for such things.

In a few minutes the youngest fell into a profound sleep; the elder remained with his eyes fixed upon the portrait.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING the inmates of Rockingham Hall to such repose as thick coming fancies and the howling of the storm, which still continued to shriek and moan round the old mansion like some living thing clamouring for shelter, permitted them to enjoy, we must request our readers to follow us to the tents of the tribe to which Squills and his wounded companion were hastening. They had been pitched in a spot called Hangman's Lane, about five miles distant from the barn, the scene of the philosophical Mr. Jinks's anything but agreeable adventure.

We are almost ashamed to confess it, but we cannot help lamenting the rapid extinction of gipsies in England. Their absence has left a blank in English scenery, which poets and painters equally regret. Red brick cottages, however comfortable and snug, are dreadfully prosy and uninteresting objects, compared with the low, patched tents of the dark-eyed race; inclosed fields are not half so picturesque as the wild common, gorgeous in yellow gorse, with here and there a solitary tree, planted by the margin of a pond or long abandoned gravel pit.

It is generally on such a spot, or else in a shady lane or out-of-the-way nook, far from the hum of cities, civilization, laws and restraints, that the scattered remnants of the gipsy race are to be found.

Frequently, when a schoolboy, we have passed our holidays on Monkshold heath to look for their tents. How startled we felt when we came upon them, and paused at a respectful distance to watch the half-naked, sunburnt children, rolling and frolicking on the green sward, or playing with the fierce, hungry-looking curs, generally half lurcher, with a dash of the mastiff in them, whose frantic barks and desperate efforts to break loose gave notice of our approach. How grateful we felt to the wrinkled crone in a tattered petticoat, who, armed with a stout cudgel, quitted her culinary task to dart in amongst them, and by a succession of vigorous blows reduced their deep, full notes to a plaintive howl, and then deluded us into having our fortunes told.

Neither have we forgotten the marvellous dexterity by which the sixpence, trusted with verdant simplicity to the tawny sibyl to cross our hand with, disappeared from our wondering gaze—a slight movement of the thumb, and, presto, it had vanished.

It was only justice to add that fame, fortune and love were freely promised in return; they were cheap enough at the price, and it would have been ungrateful, not to say impolite, to complain—the dogs and cudgel taken into consideration.

"As ever my palm the silver piece she drew,

And traced the line of life with searching view,

How thrilled my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,

To learn the color of my future years."

So sang the poet Rogers in the "Pleasures of Memory." Many of our readers, we doubt not, will smile as they read the lines, and the recollection of youthful days indorse their verity.

To our excited imagination, there was something mysterious even in the column of thin smoke that rose from the gipsy's fire. It did not curl like ordinary smoke, but rose with a concentric motion, that kept it together, in the form of a column, whose apex threw off a blue misty cloud, which gradually dispersed like incense in the air.

It would fill a good-sized volume to enumerate the different origins ascribed by various writers to the gipsy race. Sir Thomas Browne, the author of "Vulgar Errors," has devoted considerable space and great researches to the subject, and satisfactorily disproves the once generally credited opinion of their having emigrated from Lower Egypt, from which country Aventinus declared they were driven by a judgment of God pronounced upon their forefathers, for having refused to receive the holy family on their flight from the massacre of the innocents.

Polydore Virgil describes the gipsies originally to have been Syrians.

Philippus Bergomas considers them from Chaldaea.

Eneas Sylvius, from some part of Turkey.

That they are not Egyptians, Bellonius sufficiently proves. He met droves of them in the neighborhood of Grand Cairo, Materea, and on the banks of the Nile, where, according to his account, they were considered strangers.

By the French they are called Bohemians; according to some authorities, on account of their having come into France from Bohemia; others derive the name from the old French word *Boem*, a sorcerer.

The Germans designate them *Zigeuners*, or wanderers.

The Dutch, Heiden, or heathen.

The Danes and Swedes call them Tartars.

The Italians, Zingari.

The Spaniards, Gitanos.

In Hungary and Transylvania, where they are very numerous, the inhabitants call them Pharaoh-Nepok, or Pharaoh's people.

It is now, however, generally admitted that the gipsies originally came from India, from which country they emigrated at the time of the great Mohammedan invasion under Timor Beg, and to have belonged to the lowest caste.

In their own language, the gipsies call themselves Sind, and their language has been proved by philologists to resemble some of the dialects of India.

Let them come from where they may, they are a singular race, and many a quaint tradition still lingers amongst them.

The encampment to which Squills and his companions belonged had been pitched, not on the common, but in one of those deep shady nooks Gainsborough loved to paint. It consisted of several tents, the largest of which stood at a short distance from the rest, and presented a far more imposing appearance, for the canvas covering had been rendered weatherproof by a coat of oil and tar, and the ground around it carefully trenced to carry off the rain.

But the most striking peculiarity was its height, sufficient for a man to stand upright in. An interior lining, composed of blankets and parti-colored rugs, gave an air of comfort, not to say neatness, unusual in the habitations of the wandering tribe.

This was the abode of an old gipsy, named Keelan, who had long

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been celebrated throughout the country for his skill in curing diseases of cattle. The farmers placed great faith in him, and their wives frequently consulted him in cases of illness for themselves and children. A sort of cake made from herbs of his own gathering had long been looked upon as a specific for the ague, a very common disease in the low fenny lands of Lincolnshire.

Keelan himself was rather a remarkable-looking personage. His thin, sharp features possessed none of the characteristics of the gipsy race, except the eyes, which were large, black and lustrous, with a peculiar expression of cunning in them, increased by the habit he had acquired of keeping them half-closed when he addressed any one.

From the fact of his rarely quitting the encampment, those who required his services had to seek him. Many persons supposed him to be rich—an opinion strengthened by the respect in which he was generally held by the gang—the wildest members of it rarely ventured to brave his orders.

In the interior of his tent were a portable stove, an old still, the necessary utensils for cooking, and a considerable collection of dried herbs and fungi.

The latter formed the old man's stock in trade.

But the principal article of furniture was a large box or coffer, clasped with iron bands, in appearance not unlike a carpenter's tool chest.

Upon this he invariably slept.

During the day light was admitted to this singular abode by throwing back a heavy piece of tarpaulin, which, when returned to its place and fastened to the ground with iron pins, served as a door to keep out all intruders. At night an iron lamp, suspended from the cross pole of the tent, shed a red glare, and tainted the atmosphere with its flame.

Whether long habit of watchfulness, or the splashing of the heavy rain upon the roof of the tent, kept the inmate awake, we cannot take upon ourselves to determine; but although time was

"Almost at odds with morning,"

he sat wrapped in a faded dressing-gown, probably the cast-off garment of one of the neighboring gentry, crouching like a red Indian in his wigwam, immovable and silent, his elbows upon his knees, and his long bony fingers clutching a straggling lock of this white hair.

His reveries—for evidently his thoughts were intently occupied—were broken by the loud barking of the curs chained near the tents. He knew that none of the tribe dared venture to intrude upon him at such an hour, unless something extraordinary had occurred, neither would the dogs have given tongue at the approach of any one with whom they were familiar. Not a muscle of the old man's features moved. The only notice, however, that he took of the alarm was mechanically to extend his arm and grasp a long barrelled horse-pistol lying within reach.

Having examined it, he remained with his eyes fixed intently upon the entrance to the tent.

Meanwhile the loud barking of the dogs had roused the gang, several of whom, half-dressed, and armed with bludgeons, crept from beneath their kraal-like habitations, whilst one of the boys—a ragged, wiry-looking urchin about sixteen—made his appearance with a lantern. Several female heads—old and young, wrinkled and beautiful—but all strongly marked by the half-savage expression peculiar to the gipsy race, might have been seen peering through the openings of the tents.

The light not only revealed the cause of alarm, but fell upon a scene Salvador Rosa, the painter par excellence of the wild and fantastic, would have revelled in.

A traveller, mounted upon a powerful gray horse, had approached the encampment. He presented a slight and not inelegant figure, closely buttoned in dark surcoat, high black boots, which protected the legs to the knees, and a rather broad brimmed hat, such as was fashionable when George the Fourth was king.

A thick shawl entirely concealed the lower part of his face.

The fierce barking of the dogs, which were making frantic efforts to break their chains, joined to the loud braying of a rough-coated ass picketed close to the tents, rendered it impossible for several moments to hear a word on either side.

At first the impression amongst the gipsies was that the gentleman had lost his way. Being well mounted and dressed, the probabilities were that he was rich, and they began to draw around him menacingly, when a single word pronounced by him in their own language arrested their design, and they drew back in surprise.

Who could the well-dressed householder be, that addressed them in the tongue of the Romany?

"Don't stand gaping there," he exclaimed, in a voice of authority, "but take my horse, and look to him well."

"Does the gentleman intend to proceed on foot?" demanded one of the elders of the tribe.

"On foot! no," answered the traveller, in a mocking tone. "I shall pass the night, or rather the morning, here."

"In the rain?"

"I should hope not."

"Where then?"

"There."

He pointed to the tent of Keelan with his riding-whip.

"Quiet the jukes," he added, "and let some one inform the old man I am here."

"Does he expect you?" inquired the man who had hitherto been spokesman.

"No; but that is no reason why he should not be glad to see me. Ah! I recollect," he added; "Milly is the only one of the tribe that dares venture near him after nightfall."

"On finding the speaker so well acquainted with the habits of the head of their tribe, all ideas of violence, if such had been seriously entertained by the half-savage group that surrounded him, were dismissed, and a dozen voices repeated the name of Milly."

A girl of sixteen issued from one of the tents. It was the granddaughter of Keelan, the only being in the world whom he was supposed to love or confide in, and yet she dwelt from him apart in company with her aunt, a tall, gaunt, weird-looking woman, named Martha, who had nursed and guarded her from infancy. No male member of the lawless gang ever presumed to enter their dwelling. They kept aloof from the coarse debauchery and excesses of their people; and if the mind of the gipsy maiden was uncultivated as the wild flowers of the hedgerow and valley, which she loved to gather and twist in the luxuriant curls of her glossy jet-black hair, it was pure as their perfume, and simple as their beauty.

The stranger felt, as he gazed upon her, that a more faultless form had never posed as a model to the sculptor's art, so exquisitely rounded did her limbs appear, so graceful their action and the turn of her neck. Her features strongly reminded him of Raphael's wondrous portrait of his mistress the Fornarina, in the Tribune at Florence, the same budding lips, untripped by the sun of love and passion, the same expression of the eyes which flashed for an instant like those of a startled antelope, when she first met the bold glance of admiration cast upon her, and then were modestly cast down.

"Why am I called?" she asked, addressing herself to the gipsies. The men related to her, as briefly as possible, the arrival of the householder, his acquaintance with their language, and the singular use he had made of it.

Milly once more raised her eyes and regarded him with astonishment.

"Does my grandfather expect you?" she demanded.

"He has been expecting me for years," was the reply.

"Then you are one of our race?"

A deep blush suffused the cheeks of the speaker at the insulting laugh with which her question was answered.

"I am glad that you are not," she said; "there is evil enough in our tents already."

"Umph! not without wit," muttered the stranger to himself. Speaking aloud, he added, "Do my errand, and here is something to buy a ribbon with."

He threw her a piece of silver, with the air of a man who expected to see his bounty eagerly received. To his surprise, however, the gipsy girl did not condescend to notice it. And yet she had frequently accepted money tossed to her as carelessly by those who had listened to her predictions, or been struck by her remarkable beauty; but now she felt as if she could have endured any degradation rather than stoop to pick up the coin so disdainfully thrown. A new and singular feeling possessed her.

"I will do your bidding," she said, "without reward. Kind words are better than scornful gifts."

A cynical smile curled the lip of the gentleman, who continued to gaze upon her till she disappeared in the direction of the tent of Keelan.

The hand of the old gipsy slowly relaxed its grasp upon the pistol,

when he heard the voice of his granddaughter singing a wild and simple air, intended as a signal to announce her approach to him.

"What has happened?" he asked, impatiently, as she drew aside the canvas opening of the tent.

"One of the house-dwellers, who speaks the tongue of the Romany, demands to see you."

A low chuckling sound was the only notice with which he received the information.

"Will you see him?" she added.

"See him—yes, to be sure I'll see him. Those who come with gold in their pockets and evil passions in their hearts are always welcome to Keelan. Bring him hither, and mind that our people offer no insult or injury."

The girl quitted the tent with a reluctant step; probably her curiosity was excited, and she would like to have heard more.

On returning to the spot where she had left the stranger, Milly found that he had already dismounted from his horse, and given it in charge to one of the men.

"Well, my dark-eyed Hebe," he exclaimed, "what says the old sinner?"

"Grandfather will see you," answered the gipsy maiden.

"Of course he will—he can scent gold, as the crows do carrion, at any distance—and you shall be my guide."

The speaker extended his hand familiarly with the intention of clucking her under the chin; but the boy who held the lantern, and had been narrowly watching him, darted between them. With a look of scornful surprise and anger at his presumption, the gentleman raised his heavy hunting whip, and would have struck him, but for the interference of the lad's companions, who pressed forwards with loud oaths and menacing gestures.

"Do not harm him," exclaimed the gipsy girl, "do not harm him!"

"Are we dogs?" they muttered, "to be lashed at the caprice of the householder?"

"Had he struck me," said the boy, with a vindictive glance, "he should have tasted my knife!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of contempt, but at the same time throwing a handful of silver amongst the men; "there is a peace offering for a worse quarrel than ours. Don't be alarmed for your sweetheart, my pretty maiden; for I suppose you love him," he added, fixing his eyes upon her with a peculiar expression.

"Of course I do," answered the girl.

The countenance of the youth appeared radiant with joy at the confession.

"He is my cousin. I ought to love him."

The features of the gipsy boy resumed their former jealous, angry expression, which the light, mocking laugh of the householder—who noticed the change—increased till it became a scowl of hatred.

"You shall light us with your lantern to my grandfather," said Milly; "he will be angry at our delay."

The visitor perfectly comprehended the motive of this request; she did not choose to be alone with him.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The treasurer of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association has received from Mr. John A. Washington \$1,325 25 as his contribution to the Mount Vernon fund, being the proceeds of the Mount Vernon steamboat trips for the past year.

Hon. Thomas Corwin delivered a lecture in H. W. Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, to a very large assembly on the subject of "The American Christian Citizen and his Duties." The lecture was very effective, displaying much skill in dealing with difficult and delicate questions.

The decision of Mayor Weaver, of Pittsburgh, Pa., by which a coachman was fined twenty-five dollars for driving his employer's carriage on Sunday has been reversed, and the deed declared not unlawful.

The representatives of the various benevolent societies in this city have inaugurated a movement having for its object the protection of emigrants against swindlers.

A vast amount of admirably executed counterfeit notes on the Philadelphia Bank have been thrown into circulation during the past week in New York and other cities. The best judges have been deceived by them, one banking-house in Philadelphia accepting \$3,000 of the money.

Latest advices from Mexico confirm the defeat of the Liberal party at Queretaro. Twenty cannon had been captured, with General Alvarez and his army, and an American officer, who was promptly shot. The Liberals had compensated this defeat by gaining a victory at Toluca, where the Conservatives had lost four hundred killed.

On the 28th ult. Thomas H. Ferguson was hung in Salt Lake City for the murder of Alexander Carpenter on September 17th. "This," says the correspondent of the New York Times, "is the first execution of a white man in Utah."

The twenty-ninth anniversary of the Polish Revolution of 1830 was celebrated in this city on November 29th by the Polish Democratic Society. Addresses were delivered in English, Polish, German and French, by Messrs. Vincent Kichanowski, the Secretary of the Polish Society, making some very encouraging and patriotic remarks; Ed. Kapp, Louis Habowski, A. Raschewski, Signor Carroli and Monsieur Lespense. Letters were received from Mayor Friedman, W. G. Hunt, Peter Cooper, Geo. Flinbury and others, all testifying their respect for the Polish cause.

The Prospect, the organ of the Missouri mining interest, announces the discovery in south-east Missouri of a vein of pure blende rock, which, it is believed, will yield ten thousand dollars worth of gold to the ton. Who wants a fortune? Don't all Pike's Peak at once.

Bigamies are taking the place of elopements. Half-a-dozen instances, in respectable society, recently occurred within the limits of two exchange papers. There is, of course no fixed law of probabilities for such crimes, but every journalist has observed the curious manner in which they seem to mass together.

The citizens of New Brunswick gave a banquet at Stelle's Hotel on Nov. 23, to celebrate the completion of the double track of the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company's line throughout its entire length. The festival was a pleasant one, and many excellent speeches were made.

The Lebanon (Iowa) Star gives a sad case of early depravity in a couple of children in Lebanon. It says: "Two little girls, aged respectively eight and ten years, have been seen drunk and staggering about the streets almost every day for the last week, while their mother was lying drunk at home!"

The rioters of the steamboat Express, who so cruelly maltreated some colored people on their way to a camp meeting from Baltimore in August last, are meeting their deserts. One of them has been sentenced to confinement in Dorchester county jail until the 23 of December, three to imprisonment in the Penitentiary until August 21, 1860, and three others to confinement until August 21, 1860.

Professors Porter and Johnson, of Yale College, and twenty other eminent agriculturists and horticulturists, have united to give a course of eight lectures on agriculture, &c., at New Haven, beginning in February next.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

November 10, 1859.

If Louis Napoleon were like other rulers, and if the French people were like other men, I should say there was mischief brewing between France and England which nothing could prevent. But the great necromancer of the Tuilleries may be merely showing his command over those warlike elements, popular passions, or like Blondin walking on a rope across the cataract of military glory. You are, no doubt, aware that ever and anon he throws a little dust in his people's eyes by firing off a semi-official article, eminently calculated to provoke a breach of the peace with John Bull. Well, as nothing comes of it all blows over. Unfortunately, a little of this dust has blown into the majestic orbs of the Thunderer of Printing House Square, and the result is that yesterday the London Times came out with a severe editorial, announcing that never since 1815 had the two nations been so enraged against each other, and directly charging the whole affair upon the French Government. This is laying Louis Napoleon off in his own coin. One thing is quite certain; Louis Napoleon has not alone entirely lost the popularity he once enjoyed with the English people, but the feeling against him is daily becoming more and more hostile. They could forgive him being the tyrant of France, because two out of every three Englishmen actually believe the French incapable of enjoying freedom properly, but his treachery to his old asylum they never will overlook. A very little will fan the sparks into a consuming flame, and create a position against the disturber of Europe's repose. The London Post, Pam's organ, calls the attack of the Times upon Louis Napoleon a wicked and wanton act, but the majority of the people applaud it, and openly say they are "sick of French humbug;" "they like practical men;" "want to know his intentions;" "does he mean an honorable alliance, or does he plot taking advantage of Britannia's virtue?" That's the question! Yes or no! Tyrant of Cayenne,

and traitor of the 2d of December, stand and deliver your answer. If he means, or ever meant, war, he has sadly missed his opportunity. England is ready now for his rified cannon, Zouaves, Turcos, steam fleet and floating batteries, but I firmly believe she was not as two years ago. The Italian question remains as it was, except all the nearer by a week its denouement. What it will be more than even Louis Napoleon can tell. It is reported that Prince Gortschakoff has despatched to the Russian ministers at every court in Europe a circular, stating that the Governments of Russia and Prussia agreed at Breslau not to consent to an Italian Confederation.

Everybody knows, that is to say, who knows anything, that Lord Brougham has been all his life one of the boys for brandy and water; a mixture not altogether unknown on your side the water. Well, he goes in now for "half and half," that is to say, he is a moderate man. At a recent lecture he quoted an anecdote of Robert Hall, which told terribly against fire water. As this has, of course, been through all your papers, I will not repeat it. I therefore tell you what you have not, I think, heard.

Twenty-five years ago—you may take a chair, dear editor—Brougham was Lord Chancellor, and often came pretty well cornered to the House of Lords. Seventeen glasses of B. and W. were his allowance. The Duke of Buckingham—not the one who lost his head in Richard the Third's time because it was "too much for Buckingham"—said in reply to the learned lord, "That he should not treat seriously what the noble lord on the woolsack said, as he generally took his seat thereon 'with potatoes pottle deep!'" an expression which the most ignorant of men, even a Richard Grant White, would know is from Shakespeare. Up rose Lord Brougham, and in a fierce tone exclaimed, "Does the noble duke mean to say I come here in the condition implied by the words 'potatoes pottle deep?'" To the astonishment of all, the duke denied that he had said so at all. A loud "Ho! Ho!" burst from all around him, and upon Brougham reiterating the charge, he coolly got up and said, "Oh, I see what you mean. You are mistaken in your man. They were not my words, but Shakespeare's!" It is added that even the Lord Chancellor himself joined in the roar of laughter that ensued.

The citizens of London are really becoming soldiers. Rifle brigades are forming in all directions. Last Wednesday a regiment of this self-supporting branch of military service took the oath of allegiance before the Lord Mayor. It is composed of the real bone and sinew of the city. Not a man will fire a rifle there but one who can afford to pay for a handsome rosewood coffin for his victim, and also to pay for a first-rate obituary notice for him in a Sunday paper. If I remember correctly that is ten cents a line.

Horologes are looking up. Carter, the new Lord Mayor of London, is the famous clockmaker of Cornhill. In a word, the Sperry of this metropolis.

Queen Victoria has just launched another Victoria, carrying almost as many guns as herself—in common parlance, a ship of war. What a comment on humanity! Parson Beecher blessing a Sharpe's Kansas rifle, and Victoria christening such a monster machine for murder.

A strange story is now being told of a rector, not a hundred miles from Hornsey, a little village about six miles from London. The pride of this clergyman's life was a flower garden. One morning he was horrified to find a neighbor's rooster playing "old gooseberry," as they say in the cockney classics, with his tulip roots. In his rage he struck at the offending biped with a spade. The blow was fatal; the pulpit thumper was a murderer, he had killed a cock. Now he knew that his neighbor was a very litigious man, and, what was worse, an out and out dissenter; not wishing to have a disturbance, he hid what other murderers do, resolved to hide his crime. Carefully glancing around, and seeing, as he believed, that there was no witness to the deed of blood, he dug a hole and buried the unhappy victim of his wrath. But alas! murder will out—"be sure your sin will find you out," as he had often preached for a garrulous old woman saw him kill the rooster, but did not see him bury it. She told the neighbor, he called upon the rector to know why he had slain his rooster; the pious cockade denied the crime; the dissenter applied for a warrant against the parson; the magistrates were all good Church of England men, and would not grant one. In the meantime the story got wind; little boys would point and say, "There's the parson who stole the chicken." At last the dissenter had his revenge for, watching the opportunity when the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew is to be read by all good Episcopalians, to the surprise of all on that day, the dissenter took a seat in the church where he could see the offending cock-killer. The rector came to that part of the service when the fatal chapter has to be read—he went on, little dreaming what was in store—at last he came to these verses: "Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man, and immediately the cock crew!" A slight cough from the dissenter made him raise his eyes, he felt the condemnation of that glance, and, though a clergyman, his conscience actually smote him—he swooned. Next day he sent for the man and made retribution.

This clerical incident reminds me that the English are certainly a most disgusting people for fondness. You are, no doubt, aware that the Prince of Wales has been sent by that clever, little, fat, excellent woman, his mother Victoria, whom I honor as much as though I were an Englishman, to Oxford, to study Latin and Greek, to keep him out of worse mischief. Well! he attends early prayers; the result is, that all the young women of Oxford have also an early call to piety, and they attend too. I really hardly know which is worse, an Irish constituency with a stuffed ballot box, or such a nauseating Fifth Avenue deism as this. Like Byron, after such a debauch of absurdity, I must call out, and lustily too, for hock and soda-water. You will say this is a dull letter, and not worth what you pay for it. My apology cannot fail to be ample; I meant it. JONATHAN.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Freeman.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICE.—The calls of our business upon us are such that we could not possibly spare time to devote to the instruction of others. Hence Mr. Lake or Mr. White, however, would be happy to instruct you. They are entirely competent, and their charges are moderate. They can both be seen at Phelan's Billiard Room, corner of Broadway and Ninth street.

DIAGRAMS TO APPEAR SHORTLY.—The following diagrams are now in the hands of the engraver, and will be published as soon as possible, and in the order of reception: "Amateur, at Kiddell's Rooms;" "D. P. Westfield, New York;" "M. C. D., of Burlington, Iowa;" "G. A. R., Providence;" "Joseph M. White, at Phelan's Rooms."

DECEASED.—E. J. F.

New York, 30th Nov., 1859.

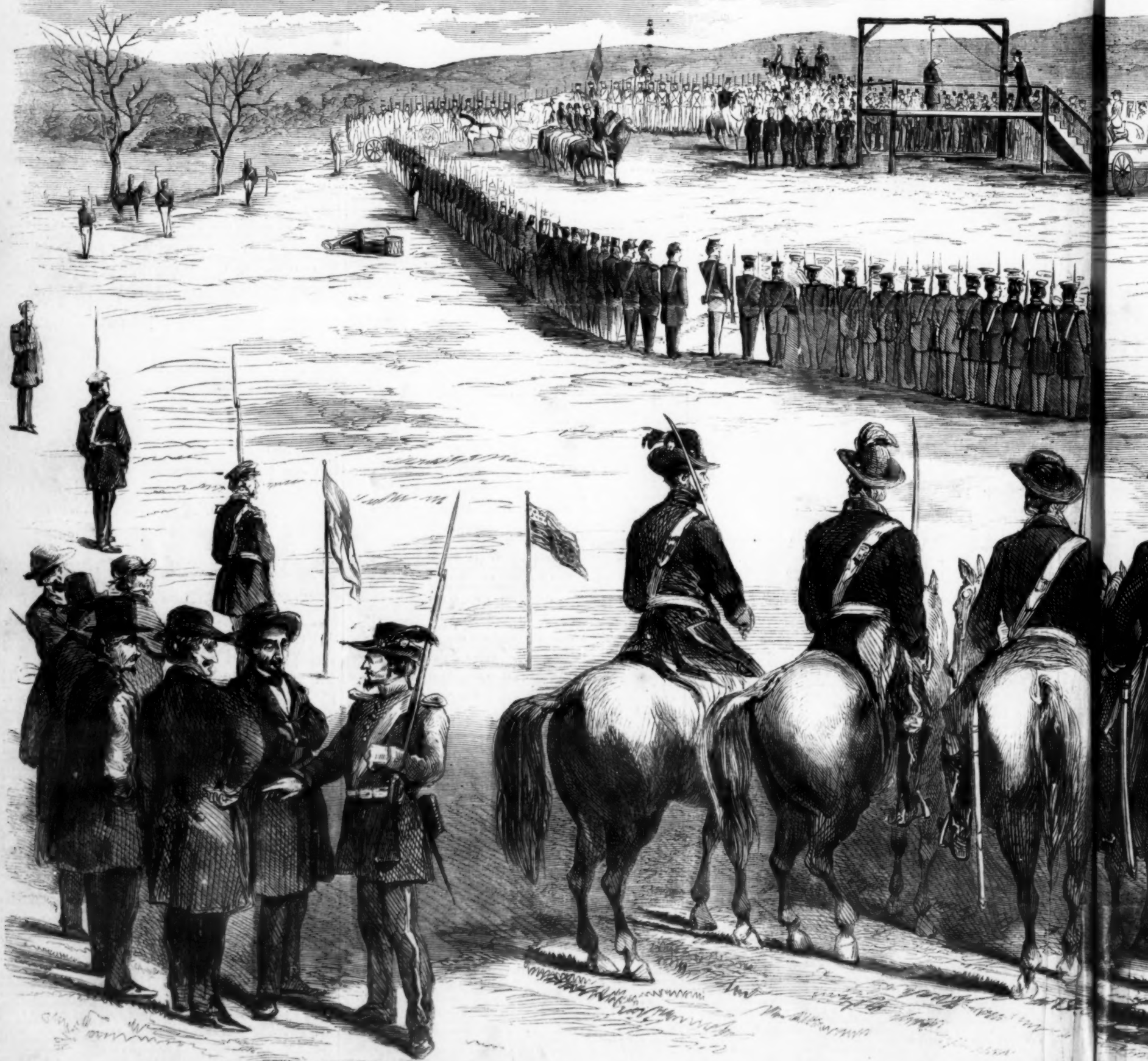
MICHAEL FREEMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir—In playing the French three ball across game, if, after I have succeeded in making a canon, my ball goes off the table, do I forfeit my point? The case occurred some evenings since. My opponent insists that I forfeit, I insist that I do not. I find that in the rules of billiards—such as I have seen—the case is not foreseen; we have, therefore, determined to leave the matter to your decision. Please answer as soon as possible, and oblige yours respectfully GEORGE M.

ANSWER.—You do not forfeit your point; the case is exactly the same as your ball had gone in the pocket, which, after a stroke made, as you are no doubt aware, does not cause forfeiture.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

THAT MATCH BETWEEN TIEMAN AND FREEMAN.—We see it stated in the miscellaneous column of the New York Daily Times that it is probable Mr. Secretter, of Detroit, will conclude to accept the challenge of Mr. Phil. Tieman, of Cincinnati, and that the match will be played for \$1,000. The Times does not give its authority for this statement. We hope, however, that it is true, and that the match will come off. The contest would be viewed with great interest by the billiard-playing community. If the team be correct, Mr. Secretter must have receded from his position as to the size of the balls, as it will be recollected that the preliminary negotiations were fruitless, in consequence of that gentleman's refusal to meet Mr. Tieman half way as regards the dimensions of the balls to be played with.

FOULQUES A BILLIARD PLAYER.—His late Imperial Majesty, Francis I., commonly called Soulesque, is a great admirer of billiards. Since he ran away to Jamaica the game has been his one resource left to him to obtain solace in his exile. So he sticks to the board of green cloth as his last plank in the imperial shipwreck. When Soulesque was in exile, however, he played much better than he does since his return was looked off heart, he thought he did—far his courtiers (very fellows) let him win every game. But the days of his greatness are past, and so are the days of his billiard triumphs. Everybody beats him now, a disgrace which is said to affect him so severely that it will cause him to die of a "green and yellow melancholy"—if these be the colors to which melancholy turns persons of Soulesque's hue. Take warning by this, O ye favorites of fortune! while you are on the top of the heap your fortunes will give you the game; but when you fall down they'll all break spots out of you.



THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN, IN A STUBBLE FIELD, NEAR CHESTOWN,



THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

Harper's Ferry and Charlestown Revisited.

FINAL INTERVIEWS WITH JOHN BROWN,

Cook, Stevens, and the other Conspirators.

INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Arrival at Harper's Ferry.

It was late on Saturday evening when the train arrived at Harper's Ferry. A motley crowd met us on the bridge, and scrutinized us with as much care as a daguerreotypist. Your artist and myself immediately sought the quarters of the commandant, Captain Barton, who, upon receiving our credentials, treated us with courtesy, and placed everything we desired at our disposal. The company from Richmond, commanded by Captain Moore, was stationed within the Arsenal, and we accordingly, in company with Captain Moore and Captain Barton, paid a visit to the quarters of their soldiers. The engine-house, near the gate, where Brown was so long hemmed in, still exhibited the marks of the late affray, the doors were all broken in, the walls still bearing the marks of blood where young Brown was killed. It is now used as the sentinel post by the soldiers. Passing along by the various manufacturing shops, we met a number of sentinels who demanded the password and countersign before we were permitted to venture forward. There was a solemn silence about the place that was almost painful, and our thoughts reverted to the terrible affray which had occurred so recently. The mountains loomed grandly on the Maryland shore of the river, and seemed to extend like a belt around us. The night was starlit and clear, and afforded us a dim view of the scenery of Harper's Ferry, which Jefferson declared a marvel of nature's handiwork. The two rivers, the Shenandoah and Potomac, rolled onward with a dull murmur over their rocky beds; and these, with the measured tread of the sentinel, were the only sounds that broke the solemn silence that seemed to reign over us. But our reverie was soon broken when Captain Barton invited us to enter the quarters of the soldiers. Your artist took an admirable sketch of them as they lay huddled together in the straw on the floor. Two or three of them were sitting by the stove smoking their clay pipes, while the remainder were sleeping in true campaign fashion, the luxury of a sheet, pillow or coverlet being dispensed with. It may be well to state here that throughout the whole of my trip, both at Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, we observed nothing but the strictest military discipline, and that the soldiers were ever ready to undergo any amount of fatigue, and to dispense with every luxury, receiving nothing but soldiers' rations. After visiting the quarters here we took a walk up the mountain behind Harper's Ferry, and from this point the scene was one of surpassing grandeur. The three ranges of hills extended two dim obelisks, while the river under the partial light of a new moon seemed like currents of molten silver. But it was growing late, and so we returned to our hotel, where, until almost morning, we listened to the recital of the various hairbreadth escapes which had occurred to the prisoners taken by Brown as hostages.

Bail's Experiences.

Bail, the master armorer, was most excited, intense and vivid in his description. He said Brown would not permit him to swear, though he felt dreadfully like it. He complained bitterly of his adobe condition. "For the first time in my life," he remarked, "I wished I was a thin man. Old Brown placed me in the corner, the brick wall forming an angle only thirteen inches deep. I am seventeen in diameter. I prayed smartly then that that extra four inches had never belonged to me. I squeezed into the wall every time a ball came banging through the door. At first I wasn't much frightened, but when Old Ossawatimie told us he should place Colonel Washington and the rest of us in front of them if the military fired, I really felt awful squashed, and when I heard the door breaking in I thought I was a goner. One of the marines was just going to poke me through with his bayonet, when Lieutenant Greene, who was the first in, threw up his arm and said I was a friend. I could hear the teeth of young Brown grate together when the bayonet went through his body. When I got fairly outside I gave three cheers for the United States. I embraced my friends eagerly—in fact everybody. In the delight of the moment I could have embraced anything but a negro, upon my honor, sir! I never was so happy in my life." This exclamation finished our friend Bail's account, after which we bid them good night, and retired to seek a little rest. The next day, Sunday, we were off for Charlestown, a special train having arrived bringing a fresh body of troops.

Our Interview with General Talliaferro and Staff at Charlestown.

It was nothing but military; every man had a sword, a pistol or some weapon; the platform was lined with soldiers, dressed in every imaginable variety of uniform. A few citizens were also among the spectators. We at once repaired to the hotel where the headquarters of the military was established; we were then requested to make known our business; the crowd of people congregated in the room examined the book, and it was soon whispered round that Frank Leslie's correspondent and artist had returned; in a few minutes we were ushered into the presence of General Talliaferro, the Commander, a sentinel was placed at the door, his different side-camps were occupied with various duties, they were all in full uniform, with the exception of General Talliaferro, who was in undress uniform; various officers or companies which arrived were waiting for orders where to quarter their men. The General received us with marked politeness, as indeed did all the officers. We handed our letters of introduction, accompanied by certificates from Governor Wise, Mayor Tiemann, Recorder Barnard, Captain Gustavus Smith and Superintendent Hilsbury, of the Police Department; but suspicion was strong in the town, the excitement of the inhabitants was so great that the chances of our stay looked very slight, the artist and myself exchanged glances, and by the mutual shrug of our shoulders, we seemed to agree that it would be decidedly more comfortable and safe in New York. Luckily Major Allen of the Richmond Grays, an old friend, now entered the room, and his explanation proved satisfactory. From that moment we received uninterrupted kindness, and the most generous hospitality from officers, soldiers and civilians. The General said, "Gentlemen, your credentials are satisfactory, and we are always happy to extend every assistance to friends; but you cannot wonder at our vigilance, we are not afraid of a rescue, but we know that the only thing which prevents it is the impeding military array we have under our command. Now, gentlemen, you are under my protection, have no fears, and you will find Virginians know how to extend hospitality." The General and Mr. Hunter then furnished us with a pass to visit Brown and his confederates. Governor Wise had then telegraphed that no one should be admitted after this day, and we were the last persons who held any conversation with him, except the jailer.

Last Interview with Brown and his Fellow-Conspirators.

Arriving at the prison, we were received by the jailer, who immediately unlocked the iron doors, and we found ourselves in the presence of John Brown and Stevens. We stood for a moment at the door and examined the appearance of the prisoners. They had both light manacles on their feet. Stevens was engaged in reading the Bible, while Brown was busily writing and did not seem to notice our entrance; advancing towards him, he turned his chair round and then extended his hand towards us, which we took; we then shook hands with Stevens.

"Mr. Brown," we remarked, "how is your health?"

"Better, much better, sir," he replied; "the last four days has improved me much, my legs are rather weak though, and that must be my excuse for not rising to greet you."

We then continued the conversation as follows:

"The position you are in is a most unhappy one, but I suppose you are prepared?"

"I am, sir. I have a great deal of writing to do; so many letters upon various subjects, all sorts of inquiries, people wanting my autograph, in fact my time is fully occupied."

"Would it be asking too much, Mr. Brown, for your autograph? I desire it for the paper. I represent Frank Leslie's."

"Well, I don't know; I have given a promise not to do it, and I should be breaking faith if I did. I should be happy to oblige you, but I cannot—I cannot, sir. I am busy writing, correcting a statement that Governor Wise has made."

"Well, Mr. Brown, I will not press it, sir, if it is opposed to your wishes. Good-bye, sir." We again shook hands, and he said farewell.

During the conversation we had with him we attentively scrutinized his appearance and manner. He seemed perfectly unconcerned and indifferent as to his approaching fate; there was no tremulousness of the mouth, no restlessness of the eye, in fact, nothing to denote the slightest evidence of his giving way. On the contrary, his whole demeanor evinced resolution, unbending determination and courage to meet his fate like a man.

Brown is a man of iron; he looks all sinews, there is not one unnecessary ounce of flesh on him, all pure muscle; to look at him it seems no marvel that he has endured so much. That his firmness will endure to the last cannot for an instant be doubted by those who know him.

Stevens has much improved in health, and will doubtless live to be tried and suffer the sentence of the court, whatever it may be. His face is much swelled in consequence of the wound received by the musket ball; he is very quiet, reads most of the time, and is not communicative. Stevens and Brown share the same cell.

The colored men do not seem to know what all the fuss is about; they keep close to the stove and read the Bible.

Cook is very youthful in appearance; his hair is very light, and brushed off the forehead; his face is smooth, and without any beard. He is gentle and looks much like a student. He was engaged in writing when we entered, but arose from his chair and greeted us cordially. His hand trembled very much when he clasped ours, and he seemed loth to let loose our grasp. His lips quivered and his eye was very restless. His nervous system is evidently giving way; he is not a coward, but the excitement, the awful death he knows he must meet, and the disgrace with which his name will be shrouded, has evidently affected him very much. When conversing with us, the tears two or three times came in his eyes. The feelings of youth have not been eradicated; he has not experienced a life of hardships like Brown, and, although his mental courage is good, his bodily power cannot carry him through. During his conversation he trembled, and his glance was uneasy and furtive; when he said that he was glad to meet friends, but would not be insulted by enemies, his manner changed, and he said, "Two or three times I have been insulted by visitors in my cell, but I resented, sir, and they know I will continue to do it, no matter what the consequences may be. It is cruel and cowardly to insult a fallen foe." When he spoke thus, there was an earnestness and meaning in his remarks that showed character. I asked him if he had any objection to our artist taking his portrait; he said not at all; he would give us his daguerreotype, but they were for his family; he had five lying on the table. We then bid him farewell, and again there was the same lingering pressure of the hand, and then we left the prison.

We believe their death justifiable; we believe that the majesty of the law should be vindicated, and that they suffer for a violation of law; yet it seems to us a fearful thing to know that, when you are clasping a man's hand, the certainty stares you in the face that he must inevitably die, and upon a fixed day, disgraced and without a sympathizing person to witness his execution.

The Order of the Day.

Charlestown is military—people talk war, recite stories of battles from the time Cain had a difficulty with his brother down to the present; Rangers gallop up and down the streets; soldiers loiter around the Court House, they march in companies, they are reviewed in battalions, they are sent out as scouts, they scour the country, they have turned all the churches into barracks, have taken all the pews out, and by placing two together they have formed bedsides—a wretch said they had all turned *penitents*!—they cut up all kinds of capers. The Richmond Grays, at their quarters, have filled the street in front with straw, and exercise in all kind of gymnastics. The first thing in the morning rattles sounded, and all the soldiers are expected to answer to the roll; the picket guard, which has been out all night, is then called, and a fresh relay takes their place; at half-past eight the soldiers breakfast, after which the various Captains report to the General at headquarters, and receive the order for the day. The officer of the day is then announced, and during the morning the various companies drill. At half-past three p.m. the regular dress parade takes place in the presence of the General and Staff. At six o'clock the picket guard detailed from the various companies assemble at the headquarters, and receive the orders for the various posts which are to be guarded after dark; no citizens are allowed out of their houses; at the slightest alarm every soldier will be called to arms. The most picturesque soldiers are the Rangers, under Captain Acton, they call themselves the Black Knights, being all dressed in black woollen overcoats, with a treble cape, a belt round their waist, with a revolver and a bowie knife stuck in it, and by their side a cavalry sword. Their hats are black slouched felt, and adorned with two heavy black plumes. Capt. Acton himself is a perfect type of a Ranger; his men are volunteers from all parts, and furnish their own horses—and splendid flesh they are. There are about a hundred and fifty, each and all desirous of a fight, very ugly fellows for a long traveller on the road to meet when he has not the password.

The soldiers are all active and bear great fatigue, the night labor being rather uncomfortable; their beds are all straw; the ladies of Charlestown are making bedticks for them all the time, and when a company arrives they are given the necessary number; a load of hay is brought and deposited in the streets, and at it they go, filling their own beds, pushing each other over, and having a jolly time generally. The town itself is eaten out; the landlord very politely informed us to-day (after the military had finished their dinner) that he could give us some boiled cabbage and crackers; no butter, all gone; no bread, eat up; no meat, soldiers had devoured it all. Cabbage, miserable half cold cabbage, alone adorned the table; we appreciated the living of New York. Your artist proposed taking a sketch of the dinner; we objected; it has not been done. Here ends our attempt at humor, and we confess a very miserable attempt; it is, but no man can be funny on cold cabbage.

The Opinion as to a Rescue.

The sensible, reflecting, sober people do not believe in an attempt at a rescue; the opposing force will deter any such folly, but there is no doubt the precautions taken are justifiable, and that an attempt would be made were it not for the preparation. Brown said yesterday that if it had not been for that his boys would never have permitted him to be hung. Yesterday a minister visited John Brown. "Are you a slaveholder?" he inquired. "I am, sir," replied the minister. "Then we don't worship the same God!" and Brown turned his back on him. But we must hasten our remarks; our artist has finished his sketches, and one hundred thousand purchasers of the paper will be waiting anxiously for its appearance.

Our Night Ride.

It was dark, there were no cars starting for Harper's Ferry, at night it was unsafe to drive a wagon on the road; we were strangers, how should we reach Harper's Ferry in time for the three o'clock

train for Baltimore? In this emergency the General came to our rescue—"If you desire any means to facilitate you, they are at your disposal. I will loan you a horse and an escort of half-a-dozen men, who will see you safely to Harper's Ferry." We accepted his generous offer; things were soon in readiness and we left our artist alone, pledging our word to return with all speed. We mounted our horse, and away we went. Now your correspondent had not mounted a horse in six months. The animal he now rode was a pure-blooded beast, and the Rangers who escorted us were equally well mounted. We had eight miles to travel over a road which neither knew; they did not know for certainty whether I was a friend or a spy, and therefore coolly informed us that if any shots should be fired from the mountains as we passed along, they should pop us over. This was a comfortable reflection. Their imaginations were at fever heat—they expected men to attack everybody; we did not share in their fears, knowing no such thing could happen; to us it was a romance. It brought up vividly to our remembrance a gentleman named James, who writes so much about solitary horsemen—dark nights, &c. We were hoping some lumbering vehicle would break down—old gentleman pokes his head out—young lady fainting—brigands surrounding them—we attack—they fly—young lady falls into our arms—old gentleman and your correspondent retire to a castle in the interior of France, not forgetting the young lady.

"The old fellow will be hung, sir," remarked one of our companions—that remark spoiled our castle in the air. We were going over the ground at a full gallop along the river, beneath the shadows of the mountains, accompanied by military men, and at last we reached Harper's Ferry. We all dismounted, refreshed the inner man; we felt rather lame after that ride; the shrill whistle was heard; on board the cars, and so we at last arrived in New York. Here we conclude. By permission of the General in command we return to-night again, and shall furnish your readers with a detailed account of the last scene in this startling tragedy.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF JOHN BROWN.

His Interview with his Wife, his Interview with his Fellow-Prisoners, and his Execution.

Mrs. Brown arrived at Charlestown at 1 p.m., on Dec. 1st, under escort. She was admitted to the prison where her husband was confined.

Brown's Interview with his Wife.

Gen. Talliaferro, before Mrs. Brown entered the cell, asked Brown what time he would require for an interview. He replied, "Two or three hours." "That," said the General, "is too long, for Mrs. Brown has to go to Harper's Ferry to-night." "Well, then," said Brown, "I want the favor from the State of Virginia."

On first meeting they kissed and affectionately embraced, and Mrs. Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her feelings. They stood embraced, and she sobbing, for nearly five minutes, and she was apparently unable to speak. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the interview. At the close they shook hands, but did not embrace, and as they parted he said, "God bless you and the children." Mrs. Brown replied, "God have mercy on you," and continued calm until she left the room, when she remained in tears a few moments and then prepared to depart.

Brown's Interview with his Fellow-Prisoners.

Sheriff Campbell bid the prisoner farewell in his cell, the latter returning thanks for the Sheriff's kindness, and speaking of Capt. Pate as a brave man.

The prisoner was then taken to the cell of Copeland and Green; he told them to stand up like men, and not betray their friends; he then handed them a quarter each, saying he had no more use for money, and bid them adieu. He then visited Cook and Coppie, who were chained together, and remarked to Cook, "You have made false statements."

Brown then turned to Coppie, and said: "Coppie, you also made false statements, but I am glad to hear you have contradicted them. Stand up like a man." He also handed him a quarter. His shook both by this hand, and they parted.

The prisoner was then taken to Stevens' cell, and they kindly interchanged greeting.

Stevens—"Good-bye, Captain; I know you are going to a better land."

Brown replied: "I know I am." Brown told him to bear up, not betray his friends, giving him a quarter.

The Execution.

Through the determined perseverance of Dr. Rawlings, of FRANK LESLIE'S, the order excluding the Press was partially rescinded, and they were assigned a position near the Major-General's staff.

As he came out the six companies of infantry and one troop of horse, with General Talliaferro and his entire staff, were deploying in front of the jail, whilst an open wagon with a pine box, in which was a flax oak coffin, was waiting for him.

He rode to the scaffold, in the wagon, seated upon his coffin.

Brown looked around and spoke to several persons he recognized, and, walking down the steps, took a seat on the coffin box along with the jailer, Avis. He looked with interest on the fine military display, but made no remarks. The wagon moved off, flanked by two files of riflemen in close order.

Brown was accompanied by no ministers, he desiring no religious services either in the jail or on the scaffold.

On reaching the field where the gallows was erected, the prisoner said, "Why are none but military allowed in the inclosure? I am sorry citizens have been kept out." On reaching the gallows he observed Mr. Hunter and Mayor Green standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-bye," his voice not faltering.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Avis and Sheriff Campbell stood by his side, and after shaking hands and bidding them an affectionate adieu, he thanked them for their kindness, when the cap was put over his face and the rope round his neck. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied, "You must lead me; I cannot see." The rope was adjusted, and the military order given, "Not ready yet!" The soldiers marched, countermarched, and took up position as if an enemy were in sight, and were thus occupied for nearly ten minutes, the prisoner standing all the time. Avis inquired if he was not tired. Brown said, "No, not tired; but don't keep me waiting longer than is necessary."

While on the scaffold, Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand to drop as a signal when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it; but do not detain me any longer than is absolutely necessary."

He was swung off at fifteen minutes past eleven. A slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles were seen, and then all was quiet.

The body was several times examined, and the pulse did not cease until thirty-five minutes had passed. The body was then cut down, placed in a coffin and conveyed, under military escort, to the depot, where it was put in a car to be carried to the ferry by a special train at four o'clock.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A DETAILED report by our special correspondent, Dr. Rawlings, together with the graphic and lifelike sketches of our artist, Mr. Berghaus, who remained at Charlestown during the whole of last week, will appear in our next paper. It will be the most important paper we have yet issued. See *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, No. 311, next week.

KNIGHTRIDERS;

OR,

THE HAUNTED MANOR.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But it was the confusion and nervousness of his own horse that the farmer had to contend with, much more than with his own fears. The creature curveted and snorted, and pawed the earth in terror; and but for the powerful hold that John Miller held on the rein, there is no doubt but it would have started off at a mad gallop from the proximity of the mysterious stranger.

By a great effort John Miller at length sufficiently quieted his horse, that although it yet trembled in every limb, it was comparatively still, and he was able to regard the singular-looking horseman before him with some attention.

"You have heard of me?" said the stranger, on whom shone the red lantern.

"I cannot say I have not."

"Tis well."

"There are tales told by the fireside, in the deep winter time, that have spoken of you," added John Miller; "and they call you the spectre highwayman."

"They are right."

"No!"

"John Miller, beware! I am what I am, and I warn you to beware of me! You have with you gold, and the worth of gold! It must all be mine—and mine without reservation or denial—as you value peace and safety!"

"Not while I have life to defend that which is my own."

"Are you, then, so foolhardy?"

"Call it what you please. I will fight for what I have—my money and my life!"

"Your money, then, or your life!—or both!" cried the highwayman, with a sudden and startling energy, and in a harsh-sounding voice that raised echoes about the silent spot.

At the same moment that he spoke he made a dash forward, by some trick of horsemanship, and was by the side of John Miller in a moment, and pressing the cold muzzle of a pistol to his cheek.

"Your money or your life! Both or one!"

Taken by surprise, as he was, and having likewise to contend with the fears of his horse, Farmer Miller, in the swiftest blow he made at the head of his assailant, with the lead-weighted end of his riding-whip, missed his aim, and the weapon was nearly jerked from his hand.

"Fool!" hissed the highwayman in his ear. "Know you not that you might as well strike at the shadow, or at the rays of the moon, as at me? The fool to his folly! I shed no blood! Pass on! Your fate be upon your own head!"

"And yours on yours!" shouted John Miller, as, rapidly recovering himself, he dealt another blow at the strange horseman, who only swerved in time to avoid it fully, and allow it to strike one corner of the hat he wore, and dash it from his head. John Miller would have repeated the blow, but, in another instant, all was profound darkness, as the light vanished from the red lantern, and although he swung his heavy riding-whip round his head several times, and struck out fiercely in the direction the highwayman and his steed had been in, the weapon only passed whistling through the air, and from the profound stillness that prevailed, it would seem as though horse, rider and lantern, all had disappeared in the white mist that was hovering over the hedgerow.

A cold dew broke out upon the brow of John Miller, and he felt uneasily for the canvas bag in which he carried his money. It was safe. A soft rain began to fall, and he was grateful for the cool drops upon his bare head, for the vehemence with which he had struck around him with his riding-whip had jerked his own hat off.

"Gone! gone!" he said. "It is gone!"

He meant the mysterious highwayman. There was a superstitious feeling struggling at his heart, that what he had seen was, after all, something more than mortal. With a shudder, he paused not to look for his hat, but striking his spurs deep into his horse's flanks, he started forward on his road at a mad gallop.

CHAPTER VI.—MORNING AT DEEP HOLLOW. THE ALARM, AND THE DYING FATHER. ANNA'S DESPAIR. A FEARFUL ACCUSATION.

THE beautiful morning, chill, wayward and dim at its first greeting, but soon brightening into golden beauty, broke softly over the little farm at Deep Hollow, in which Mrs. Miller and Anna had found a refuge when their own home became a blackened ruin. Countless birds carolled from every tree and every bush, and as the golden light of the sun crept down the trees, embracing leaf after leaf in the soft beauty of its tint, and making every drop of dew a quivering brilliant, there arose that sighing, small voice of awakening nature about the meadows and the woods, which, after a few short moments, our grosser senses refuse cognizance of, but which, in entire contrast with the stillness of the night, is sufficiently apparent.

Then, as the long, slant rays of the sun gathered power, and drank up the vapors of the autumn night, one solitary figure made its way through a tangled labyrinth of labyrinth that was adjoining the flower garden at Deep Hollow; and splashed and weary, Walter Reve, with yet a smile upon his lips, stood in the midst of the sweet flowers, that were shedding—all unheeded by any senses than his—their world of fragrance on the morning air.

The young lover carried something rather bulky to appearance; but upon uncovering it—for it was wrapped round with a silk handkerchief—it proved to be a common wicker cage, in which, with rather a scared look, perched a thrush.

"Quite safe," said Walter, with a pleased look of triumph; "quite safe, through all the fire! The bird, that was such a special pet, and that she believes burnt to death in the rage of the flames! Quite safe and unharmed, on the old gable end, still standing, of the farmhouse, where it had dropped from its accustomed place on the window-sill of my Anna's room. What a joy it will be to her to have this old favorite returned to her; and what a dusty, begrimed, blackened state I am in, by climbing about the ruins of Holly Tree Farm to get you, master thrush. Well, that does not matter! I am so fagged too, and weary; but a few hours' rest will put that all to right. What joy, what perfect happiness I ought to feel, now that the darling of my heart is all my own—now that I have no longer to love her in secret, and keep my honest passion deep in the recesses of my own heart! And yet—and yet it is very strange, but there is a weight at my breast—a kind of presentiment of coming evil—I cannot shake off."

Walter Reve, with the thrush's cage in his hand, took his way slowly through the garden towards the house. He did not, at that early hour, expect that any of the little household were astir. Of course, he thought that Farmer Miller had been long home, and that his brother Abel, too, was in his own chamber, probably in a deep sleep. For often when Walter would have had him rise with the lark, and come out with him to see the sun rise over the pleasant fields of Deep Hollow and Holly Tree farm, had he so found him—and so very deep, too, in slumber, that it was with difficulty he had been able to awaken him at all, so weary did he seem.

Walter Reve was full of thought, and his eyes were fixed upon one little latticed window of the house so that he did not see very well which way he was going, nor what obstructions there might be in his path; and it was not until a voice called out, "Now, then, pull up!" that Walter was aware he was in danger of falling over some one who was sitting on the grass beneath one of the tall trees in the garden, engaged in some repairs to fishing-tackle.

"Oh, really," said Walter, "I did not see you! I'm afraid I hurt you."

"Not a bit, Mr. W.," said the person who was in the way, and who was quite a phenomenon in that part of the country, for he pre-

seated all the appearance of a sharp London street boy; and the tones of his voice, and the expressions he used, were all such as to leave no sort of doubt that such he really was.

"Why, Joseph," said Walter, "what makes you up so early?"

"Fishing, Mr. W."

"Going fishing! Is not that something new for you?"

"It isn't for me, Mr. W. It is for her."

"Her! Who?"

Joseph gave his head a sort of jerk, which as plainly as possible indicated the little latticed window on which the regards of Walter Reve had been fixed; and then he added:

"It's all settled! When a fellow feels as he is settled, took in and done for, why, there's an end of it!"

"But what do you mean?"

"Miss Anna—the farmer's daughter! It's a case, I can tell you, Mr. W. You've been precious good to me, and I don't mind telling you that I love that gal—oh, don't I, rather! I didn't think of coming into the country and falling in love; but it's a fellow's fate, I suppose; so there's an end of that! Oh, dear me! I'm going fishing! Here's a book about fishing; only you hear what it says! Listen to this, Mr. W.: 'And what so grateful to the loved one as an offering at the early morn, of the products of the angler's art? What so sweetly, seductively delicious as to wander by the banks of some meandering stream in silent contemplation, and with the heart and fancy full of the dear image of that one being who is all to us!'"

"Now, really, Joseph," laughed Walter, "you are getting dreadfully romantic, and I am very tired—"

"But, Mr. W., stop!"

"I hope—that—that we ain't rivals?"

"Oh, dear, no!" laughed Walter. "Not at all!"

"Because I do love her. You see, I'm a London chap, up to everything, and have seen no end of life, though I am only fifteen! I was errand-boy in the city, and slept in an attic that had such a view, ever so far off, of the tops of the Surrey hills; and I used to get out of the window and sit on the roof, and look about me; and one day, about a couple of months ago, I saw that the dust and the rain drifted down for perhaps ever so long, into one sunny corner, close by the old red brick tiles, and by some odd chance, a few flower-seeds of the wall-flower had blown there, too, or got there somehow, and there was a pretty stock of flowers, looking so bright, and smelling so sweet, that they seemed for all the world as if they said to me, 'Joe, how can you live in the great big, ugly, noisy city, full of smoke, and gas, and noise, and dust, and fog, when there's the country, where we came from, close at hand?' And then, when the wind made them bend and nod, and dash about, they always seemed to do so towards me, and I got to love that little flower root; I banked it up, and took such care of it, and it was such a friend to me!"

"But had you no other friends, Joe?"

"None. I was found in St. Paul's Churchyard by the police when I was a baby, and took to the workhouse. I was fed, clothed, wopped, and put out as an errand-boy in the course of time, and then came the little wall-flower. It used to haunt me day and night; and I used to wonder if I could ever get into the country, where I should see trees, and flowers, and fields, and corn growing, and hear the birds singing, and I used then to forget my messages for my master, and go all wrong; and then he hit me like a savage, till I was half-blind, and deaf, and stupid, with his cuffs, first on one side of my head, and then the other; and one day I crept up to the attic, and took my wall-flower and put it inside my waistcoat, all doubled up. It might die, but it would still be there with me. And I kissed the old—bless her heart!—she used to sit and purr to me in the attic for hours together before the shop was open—and then away I went!"

Joe rested his face on both his hands, and was silent for a moment or two.

"Come, come, Joe, take heart!" said Walter Reve. "I perfectly recollect your arriving here, foot-sore and very faint, and asking me if I could give you any work on the farm; and you have been with us ever since, you know, and can stay as long as you like."

Joe looked up, and a smile was on his lips.

"Yes, Mr. W., you did; and here I am, all among the trees, and flowers, and birds! I love the dear country—that's all about it! It's nature, I suppose; and now I love Anna Miller, and that's nature, too! Now, I'm going fishing! Do you think I shall catch anything, Mr. W.?"

Walter shook his head.

"Well, I'll try. But, oh! Mr. W., do you think that she will ever think of her own Joe?"

"I can't say. You had better ask her, Joe, and then, no doubt, she will tell you. I am very tired."

Walter Reve paced slowly towards the house; and Joe, whistling to himself an air that had been popular in London streets, at the time he had trodden them, went to his fishing. There was an entrance to the cottage-like house that formed the dwelling at Deep Hollow, to which Walter had a key. His object was to get to his own chamber, and lie down for a couple of hours, as the morning was yet young, and so recover from his fatiguing night's search for the thrush at Holly Tree, before the household was astir; but in this Walter Reve was most signally disappointed.

Hardly had he turned an angle of the house, which would have led him through a portion of the kitchen-garden to the door by which he purposed entering, when some confused noise at a distance across the fields attracted his attention, and he saw emerging from a winding path that led through a little plantation a throng of persons, who seemed to be carrying something on a hurdle.

Walter Reve paused, and set down the cage and the thrush on the grass beneath one of the fruit-bushes in the garden, and kept his eyes fixed on the advancing throng of people; but it did not seem to occur to him that he could be largely interested, except from the common feelings of humanity, in what had happened, or was going to happen.

Of course his Anna was beneath the roof of Deep Hollow! She was his first thought. Of course, her father and her mother were there, too; and his brother Abel, no doubt, was in one of his deep morning sleeps; so that in regard to the special objects of his solicitude, Walter Reve felt quite secure; but yet, as the bearers of the hurdle slowly approached, there came an anxious flutter over his heart that he could not combat with, and he advanced, step by step, to the little gate to meet them.

A something—a light sound on the garden path—so light and airy a tread, that if his senses had not been at that moment rather painfully acute, he would not have heard it, caused Walter to start round.

"Anna! dear Anna!"

"Walter!"

It was Anna Miller who was in the garden. She had come from the other side of the house, and she was looking pale and anxious, although to Walter's eyes more than beautiful in her plain morning dress.

"My dear Anna! up so early?"

"Father! father! What of him, Walter? He has not returned."

"Not—returned? From Exeter?"

"No; and we—that is, dear mother and I—have passed such an anxious night! What is that?"

"What! what?" said Walter Reve, as he strove to hear her away from the advancing throng of persons with the hurdle, for a dreadful thought flashed across him that something had happened to John Miller, and that the persons approaching might solve with their burden the question of what that something was, in a manner which was too terrible to contemplate.

"But, Walter, I see people! Are they conveying some one? Oh, heaven!"

"Hush! Oh, no, no; merely some farm hands at early work; a young tree probably, or perhaps some accident to a sheep. Come in—come to the house, dear Anna. All will be well—quite well."

Anna grasped his arm, and kept her eyes fixed on the advancing

group of persons. Her lips moved now and then, but she uttered no sound. What was on the hurdle was hidden by several people who walked at a slow pace in front. Some few fields off, too, there might be seen a couple of mounted men, one evidently a farm laborer, and the other, by his dress, a gentleman, and they made for the throng of persons who were conveying the hurdle. Leaping a ditch, and then dismounting in order to open a gate, the farm laborer who was with this gentleman on horseback evidently made way for him as quickly as possible in a slant direction, so as to intercept the throng with the hurdle.

"Hoy!" he shouted. "Hoy! Hilloa!"

Then those who carried the hurdle paused, and set down their burden, and the gentleman galloped up and dismounted; and Walter Reve and Anna Miller saw him bend down by the side of the hurdle, and the throng of persons closed in around him.

"My father! my father!" said Anna, in a half-screaming voice. "I know it now. I cannot well see so far as to look upon his face, but that is my father!"

She broke from Walter Reve, who tried feebly to detain her, and made her way with the speed of despair through the gardens, and out into the meadows beyond. Walter followed her swiftly; he called to her as she went, "Anna! Anna! dear Anna! if it be your father, some trivial accident may yet be all that is amiss. Anna! One moment! Calm yourself, or you may injure him!"

(To be continued.)

SAM COWELL.

THE accompanying illustration presents an admirable likeness of Mr. Sam Cowell, the distinguished musical comedian now performing at the French Theatre in this city. Mr. Cowell was born in London in the year 1820, and is the son of the celebrated Mr. Joe Cowell, one of the best comedians and humorous vocalists ever seen on the American stage. At the early age of two years Mr. Sam Cowell emigrated to this country, where after a short time he commenced a series of juvenile performances, which gave him a fame, even as a boy, of which older artists might well have been proud. His first appearance was at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, on the occasion of Thomas R. Hamblin's benefit, when he performed the part of Crack in the "Turnpike Gate." For several years he was a star, if not of the first magnitude in point of size, certainly in point of talent. His travels South and West afforded ample opportunity for the development of those talents for imitation and reproduction of various types of character, which his naturally observant mind registered indelibly, and his great powers of vocal and facial expression enabled him afterwards to embody with a fidelity that rendered him unique as a dramatic artist. Returning to England, he played legitimate comedy parts in Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, and all the principal towns and cities of Great Britain. Too ambitious, however, to remain a stock actor, he struck out a new line, and drawing on his own resources, established himself without an effort as the greatest buff singer in England, and the only man who possessed the power of thoroughly and artistically interpreting the eccentricities of common life. He became immediately an enormous favorite with all classes, and few men have ever experienced such a continuous tide of dramatic success. Mr. Cowell's style is altogether his own. He is a paradox in his way, for his humor is broad while it is neat, and his illustrations of character are full of reality and power, yet never transcend for a moment the limits with which refinement surrounds the stage. Mr. Cowell was during his English career honored with the commands of the Queen to appear at the palace, during the reign of the celebrated Windsor theatricals, a sufficient proof of his talent and the unexceptionable character of his performances.

Mr. Cowell is now before an American public, under the able auspices of Mr. H. L. Bateman, and on Monday evening, the 28th ult., made his debut. His success did not long remain a problem. The applause with which his efforts were greeted was the most enthusiastic we ever heard in a theatre, and when the curtain fell Mr. Sam Cowell was a fact. In person Mr. Cowell is exceedingly prepossessing, and his manners are distinguished by a refined gentility and modesty which is most attractive to all who know him.

THE KANE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

HONORS paid to the illustrious dead are incentives for the living to pursue the same noble course, and as such are at once evidences of an elevated national feeling and a wise fostering of virtue. In recognition of this sentiment, a number of Freemasons and other citizens some time ago formed an association to erect a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. In order to raise the necessary funds, a course of lectures have been organized, and the first of them was delivered on the 26th ult., at the Academy of Music.

At the time appointed, eight o'clock, Dr. Francis addressed the meeting, preparatory to his introducing the lecturer of the evening, the Hon. Anson Burlingame. We regret that our space will not allow us to give the venerable speaker's remarks in full. We must therefore content ourselves with a summary of a most interesting address.

After expressing his gratitude to the public press for the approbation bestowed upon their undertaking, he paid a glowing eulogium upon the character of the deceased hero, who was at once a mixture of the heroic and the gentle. The life and adventures of the illustrious explorer were of a nature which had secured the attention of the philosophic world, and led to a perusal of his narrative more widely than, perhaps, had ever fallen to the lot of any other work of a similar denomination; while the character of the man in the several relations of life was so pregnant with remarkable traits, so beautiful, so consistent, so comprehensive, and so attractive as an example of exalted worth, as to have stamped his name indelibly on the historic page of illustrious men. And all this was very natural. Who was there so abject in the scale of humanity as not to admire that extraordinary capacity which, amid numerous adverse circumstances, attained to the mastery of so wide, so copious, so accurate a knowledge, that by almost self-instruction, his disciplined intellect was found adequate to every emergency in a life so varied and so chequered?—who, amidst the most trying privations, conquered his own wants and became the generous benefactor to the indigent and the destitute pressing on every side, when his perishing companions would not believe that less than a miracle could interpose in their behalf for salvation? And what disciple of the Christian faith could be indifferent in contemplating that holy confidence that inspired him—that cherished, with unwavering hope, the divine thought that these demonstrations of sovereign power were in reality no more nor less than the wonder-workings of Providence in behalf of himself and his forlorn crew? Nowhere was there a more favorable and illustrative proof of the courageous heart, the penetrating foresight, the balanced mind. He was enriched with varied knowledge but of modest utterance; his capacity for acquisition was rare, yet his cultivated taste and chastened discipline rendered him a congenial and instructive associate for the most refined circles, and by a happy adaptation he yielded delight to the prattling child or the astute philosopher.

The learned doctor concluded his eloquent oration by introducing the Honorable Anson Burlingame to the audience, who commenced his lecture by regretting that Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, had been prevented from opening the series. Among other proofs, he gave that the age of chivalry had not left the earth, but had ever a representative. He instanced Washington in the last century, and Kane in the present. His lecture was a very admirable one, and listened to with great attention by a numerous and intelligent audience.

The next lecture will be delivered by Captain Lyneh, of the United States Navy.



SAM COWELL AS BILLY BARLOW.



SAM COWELL AS LORD LOVEL.



SAM COWELL AS THE SHOEBLICK.

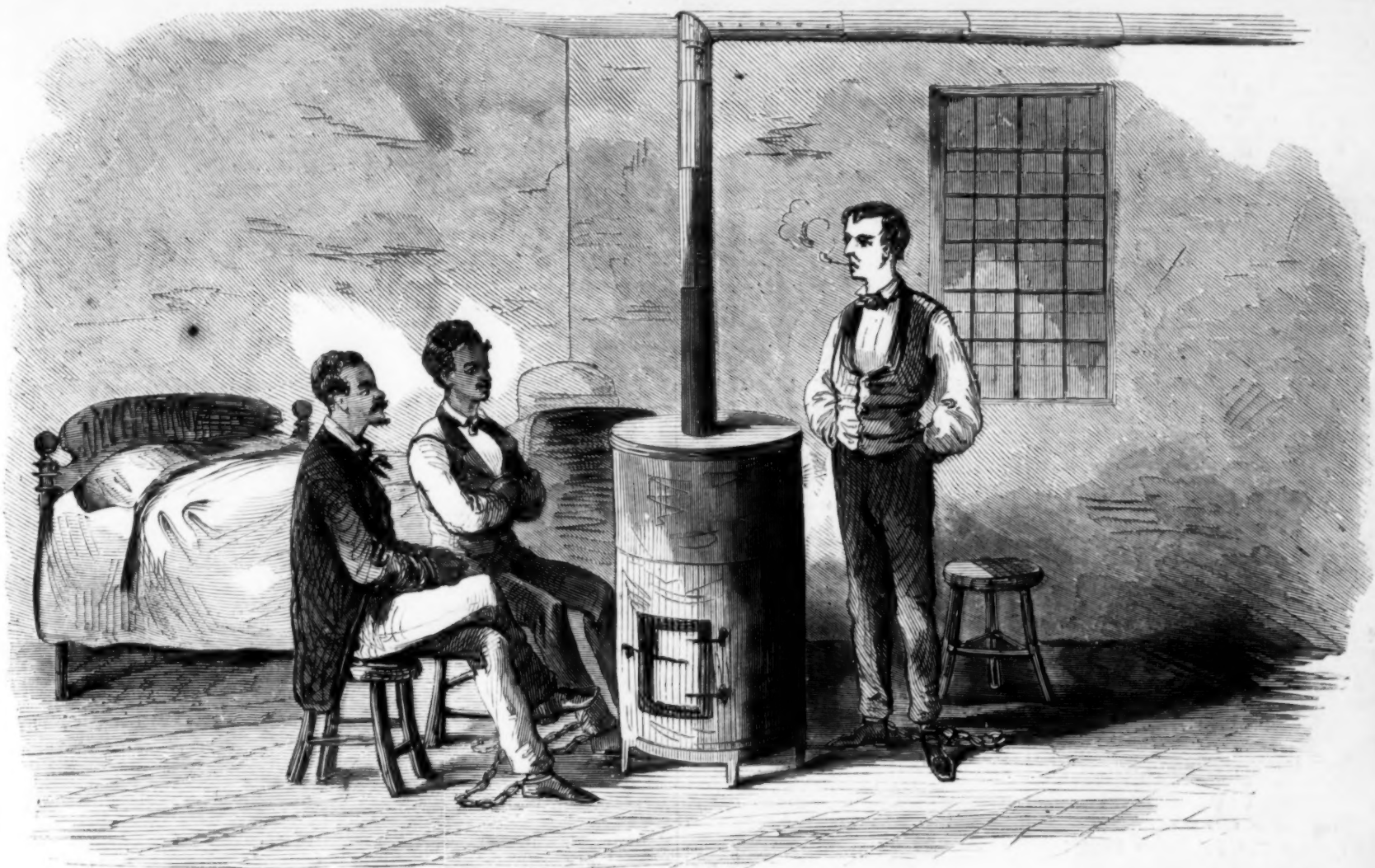


SAM COWELL AS THE TICKET PORTER.



SAM COWELL, THE CELEBRATED MUSICAL COMEDIAN, NOW PERFORMING AT THE FRENCH THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 27.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.



Shields Green.

Copeland, the Mulatto.

Haslett.

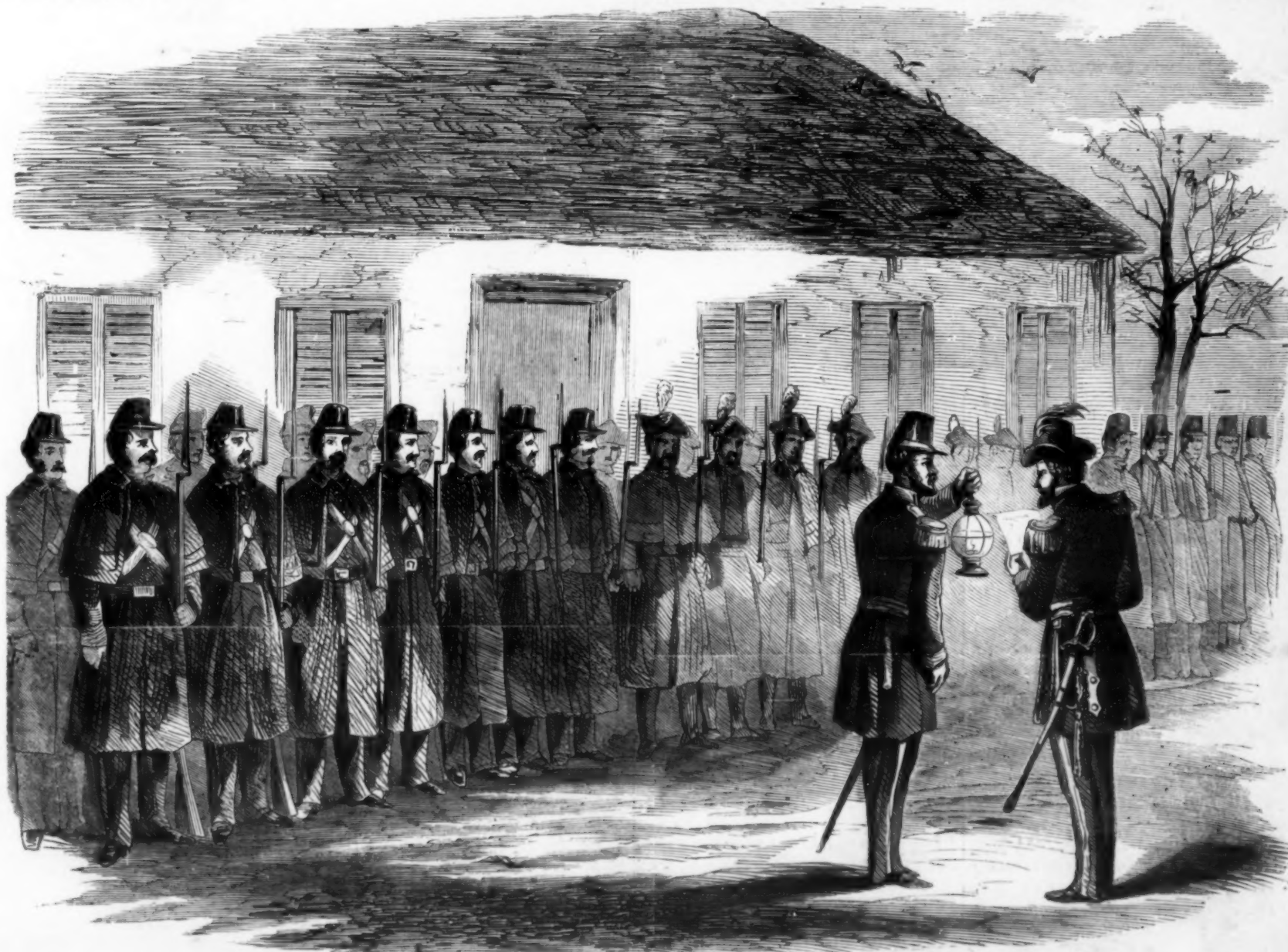
THE PRISONERS SHIELDS GREEN, COPELAND AND HASLETT IN THEIR CELL AT THE CHARLESTOWN JAIL.

The official account of street cleaning for last week in New York shows that 183 men were employed, who performed 497½ days' work; 717 loads of manure, 2,261 loads of dirt and rubbish, and 8,990 loads of ashes, or a total of 11,968 loads of all rubbish were removed. The cost of all this labor was \$3,582 39½, of which the sweepers were paid \$745, 87½; dust and manure cartmen, \$638, 23; and the ash cartmen, \$2,198 28.

A little son of Mr. Joseph Thompson of Morris Township, Washington county, Ky., met with a horrible death the other day. Mr. T. had been to the funeral of a child in Greene county, which was burnt to death, and while relating the circumstance to his wife on his return, his little son left the house. He was sought for a few minutes later, and found lying in the swill tub with life extinct. The tub was sunk in the ground, so that the edge was on a level

with the surface, and the child, in endeavoring to raise some slop from it for the pigs, lost his balance and fell in.

Rutherford, late Superintendent of the House of Refuge in Pittsburg, and who was convicted of adultery with a number of young girls confined there, has been sentenced to pay a fine of \$50, and be imprisoned for one year.



VIEWING THE PICKET GUARD—THE OFFICER READING THE ROLL AND GIVING HIS DIRECTIONS PREVIOUS TO THE GUARD GOING ON DUTY FOR THE NIGHT

Don't quibble about a word.—"What is your name, sir?" asked Col. — of his orderly one day, after having made up his mind to take a drive.

"John Edward Belsey, sir," Belsey was always precise, strictly so, and when asked by the Colonel for his name, he could no more have omitted the prenominal than gone to parade without his arms.

"Go, then, John Edward Belsey," rejoined the Colonel, quite as precise as his orderly, "and tell my groom to put the horse in the gig immediately."

Saluting the Colonel in true military form, Belsey ran to the stable, thinking, as he was going, how impossible it was to execute the order, unless the Colonel, in the greatness of his soul, intended to favor the horse with a ride, and make the shafts himself. However, as he considered this could not really be the Colonel's intention, he took on himself the discretion of making the necessary correction; and, accordingly, directed the groom to put the horse to the gig.

"Very well," said the groom; and Belsey returned to the Colonel, who, as was his custom, questioned him to see that his order had been properly conveyed.

"Have you seen the groom, private John Edward Belsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you tell him to do?"

"Put the horse to the gig, sir," replied the orderly, throwing a little force on the preposition.

"You stupid fellow!" roared the Colonel, plucking his whisker, "did I not tell you to put the horse in the gig?"

"Yes, sir; but as that did not seem to me to be your wish, I thought you would not disapprove of my giving the spirit instead of the letter of your order."

"Why did you think so, sir?"

Belsey hesitated.

"Why did you not tell the groom to put the horse in the gig?"

"Because there wouldn't be room left for you, sir."

"It was a wonder the Colonel didn't jump down his throat."

Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb. Their house will undoubtedly be full of cobwebs.

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ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. A., Masonic Editor.

J. F. BRENNAN, General Editor and Publisher.

Commencing with No. 23, to be dated January 2, 1890, will be published every Monday in WEEKLY PARTS of 32 pages each. Price Six Cents. And upon every Wednesday before the Fourth Monday of each month, commencing with No. 23, to be issued the 10th January, 1890; it will also be published in MONTHLY PARTS of 128 pages each. Price 25 cents.

Single subscriptions per annum to either issue, 25 cents. To clubs of five either issue will be put at 25 cents. Yearly subscribers should address the Publisher, Box 487 Post Office, New York. Book-shops will address: BENDIRSON, BLAKE & CO., General Agents, 20-216.

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PROSPECTUS

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact that its circulation is larger than that of any other NEW YORK paper in its class. Its great success is owing to the fact that its proprietor secures the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The excellent reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its Tales and Sketches have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no other paper has ever before reached. We feel, and always have felt, that the LEDGER should be the medium through which a heavy responsibility should be placed upon its shoulders, and that it should be a conscientious, fearless, confident and ultimately successful medium for the thousands and tens of thousands of families.

As to the future, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to remain rather than to promise. What we have herebefore said is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the contributors to the LEDGER are:

EDWARD EVERETT, WM. C. BRYANT, GEORGE D. LORAN, GEO. P. MORRIS, PAUL WOODFORD, N. P. WILES, JOHN H. J. RAYMOND, ANNA C. R. RITCHIE, G. O. D. PRINCE, PANNY BERN, JOHN G. BAXT, MISS MOURNAY, SYLVANUS COBB, JR., MRS. BOWEN, EMERSON BENNETT, MARION MARLAND, WM. R. WALLACE, ALICE CARR, CARLOS D. STUART, EMMA A. BROWN, COL. W. B. DUNLAP, RALPH M. BRYAN.

and many eminent Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the LEDGER are now and will constantly be at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

PAGES like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed. As we have already indicated, we shall have presenting to those who prefer to extend their free in that way, and content ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and instructive FAMILY PAPER in the world.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold at all the news offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed to subscribers at \$2 per annum; two copies sent for \$3. Any postmaster obtaining eight subscribers at \$1 60 each (which is our lowest club rate), and sending us \$12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms invariably in advance.

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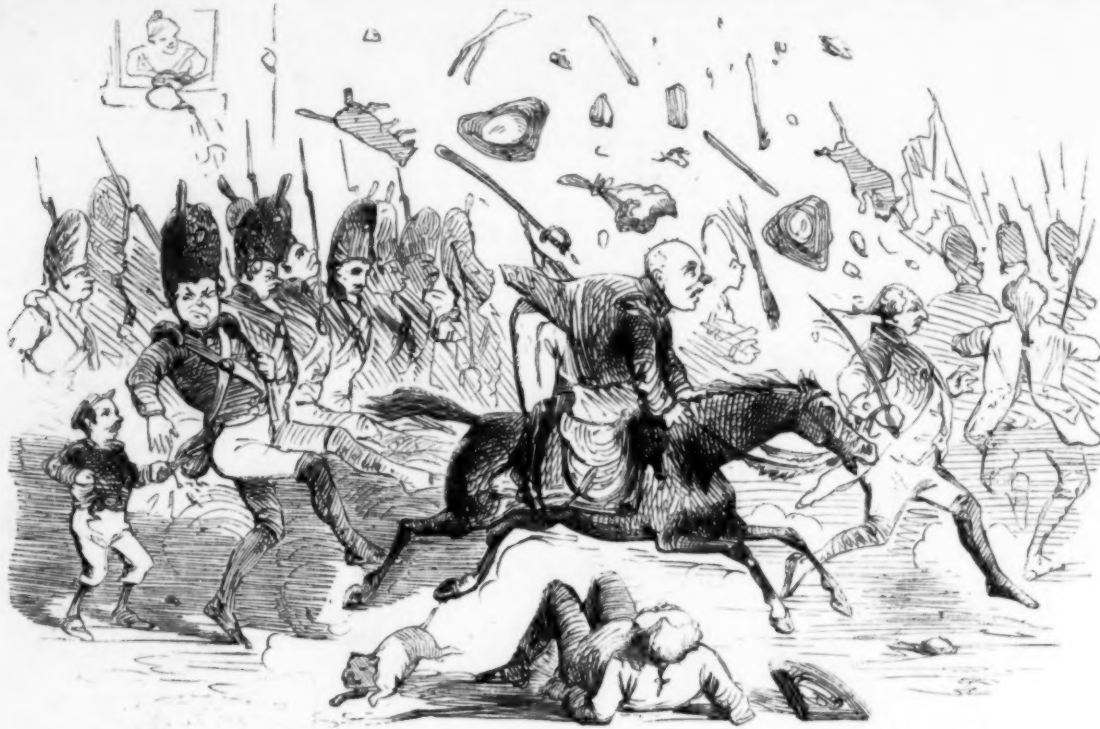
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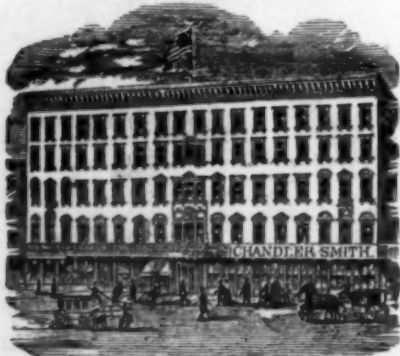
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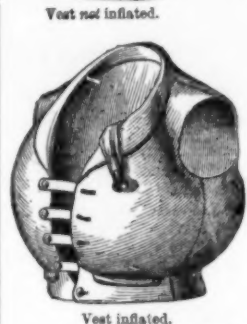
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